THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1800.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICA CHARLOTTA ULRICA,
DUCHESS OF YORK.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

HER Royal Highneſs was eldeſt daughter of the late King of Pruſſia, by his Majeſty's firſt conſort, Elizabeth Chriſtina Ulrica, Princeſs of Brunſwick Wolfenbuttle, and the only offspring of that union. She was born May 7, 1767; married to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, at Berlin, Sept. 29, 1791; and re-married at Buckingham Houſe, in London, on the 23d of November following.

On the conduct of her Royal Highneſs were we here to expatiate, truth would appear like panegyric; and a juſt tribute to female excellence, bear the ſemblance of venal adulation. Suffice it, therefore, to ſay, that Conjugal Affection and Genuine Benevolence are the moſt ſtriking traits in her Highneſs's character, and furniſh bright examples to thoſe that need them; for,

There breathes a felt divinity in Virtue,
Whoſe very ſilence ſpeaks; and which inſpires,
Without proud formal leſſons, a diſdain
Of mean injurious Vice. THOMSON.

In ſtature, the Ducheſs of York is rather below the common height; but her figure is elegantly formed, in proportionate delicacy and ſlightneſs. Her countenance is preciſely that which is beſt calculated to win general eſteem. Her complexion is exquiſitely fair; her hair light; her eye-laſhes long, and nearly white; her eyes, which are blue, poſſeſs a brilliancy that beſpeaks the warmth and purity of ſoul by which they are animated.

That her Royal Highneſs may very long continue to bleſs her Royal Conſort with her affection, and the world with her manifold excellences, is the moſt ſincere wiſh of the loyal and good of all ranks and degrees of people.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. I.

When a ſet of men find themſelves agree in any particular, though never ſo trivial, they eſtabliſh themſelves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of ſuch a fantaſtic reſemblance. SPECTATOR.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been generally obſerved, that people ſuffering under one common calamity are ever ready to aſſiſt and ſympathize with each other. Whether this impulſe ariſes from the opportunity we have of expatiating upon our own ſufferings, or whether from the remembrance that thoſe ſufferings have been alleviated by the charitable condolance of our friends, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

As love is the moſt general paſſion among mankind, it happened in the ſociety of a few friends, that each felt its pow-

erful influence, and that each was likewiſe equally unſucceſsful. Now, Mr. Editor, theſe fellow-ſufferers eſtabliſhed themſelves into a club, in hopes of relieving, by ſuch a ſympathetic bond, "the pangs of deſpiſed love!" In a little time, Sir, this ſympathy had ſuch efficacious effects upon every member, that, from being the moſt paſſionate of lovers, we became the moſt inſenſible to the charms of our reſpective dulcineas; for, after the firſt tranſports of phrenzy had ſubſided, that the foibles of our miſtreſſes could be impartially diſcuſſed, to ſuch a degree of inſenſibility did we arrive, that thoſe whom we had ſo lately looked upon as goddeſſes, and worſhipped with all the adoration due to beings of a ſuperior nature, were deprived of their celeſtial attributes, and degraded to all the imperfections and weakneſſes of mere women; their faults, which had ſo lately paſſed for virtues, were fully expoſed; in ſhort, one was found to be a prude, a ſecond a coquette; and ſo on.

As our diſcourſe during the club hours turned chiefly on the conduct of the female ſex, we could not but remark the very ſhameful levities indulged by them in moſt of our public places. This breach of decorum has of late become ſo general, that even the more ſerious part of mankind are not free from their impertinent intruſions in places appropriated to divine worſhip. It is allowed that women are poſſeſſed of more vivacity than men; but ſhould not they, therefore, keep a more ſtrict watch upon this particular bias? "There is nothing," ſays a celebrated author, "which expoſes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airineſs of temper which are natural to moſt of the ſex. It ſhould, therefore," he adds, "be the concern of every wife and virtuous woman to keep this ſprightlineſs from degenerating into levity." It would, methinks, much improve the natural amiableneſs of our females, if each in her behaviour would endeavour to recommend herſelf as a ſiſter, a daughter, or a wife. Whilſt I particularly addreſs myſelf to your fair readers, in the words of the poet, that

"Want of Decency is want of Senſe,"

I would alſo obſerve, that the alliance between Virtue and Decency is ſo near, that it is with difficulty we can ſeparate one from the other.

A recent circumſtance was reported to the club by two members, who had lately indulged themſelves in a longer walk than ordinary. It happened that the bell of a neighbouring village had juſt finiſhed as they entered the chapel-yard. A conſcientious duty to their God prompted them to attend divine ſervice. On being ſeated, their attention was drawn to a party of otherwiſe agreeable-looking females. ——Now, Mr. Editor, would you believe it!—theſe ladies, inſtead of obſerving that exemplary attention and gravity (than which nothing is more amiable) which the place required, indulged in as much tittering as the moſt ludicrous ſcene in comedy could have produced!

Oh, my fair countrywomen!—this is ſuch an injuſtice done to God, to ſociety, and to yourſelves, that ſcarcely any ſubmiſſion can extenuate it. For Heaven's ſake, when you enter the houſe of God, of whatever ſect, behave with a becoming reverence: go with ſuch a ſenſe of your obligations to Him as may induce you to behave with propriety.

After having had, from time to time, a number of reports ſimilar to the above, every member has, at length, concurred in the neceſſity of a reformation in the manners of our females. A certain worthy member, remarkable for his taciturnity, ſtarted the idea of ſhaming them out of it. The thought being purſued, we have formed ourſelves into a club, to be known, in future, by the name of the "Inſpection Club," for the purpoſe of inſpecting the conduct and behaviour of the Fair Sex. After ſome debates, this inſtitution was happily effected; the Preſident immediately choſen, by the name of the "Inſpector," and a code of laws eſtabliſhed for the future government of the ſociety, out of which I beg leave to extract the following:

"II. That

"II. That the meetings of the club be held every Monday evening, for the purpoſe of reporting the conduct and deportment of the females on the preceding day.

"III. That a folio book be purchaſed, to regiſter thoſe particular females who have violated the rules of a decent and modeſt behaviour.

"IV. That no name ſhall be eraſed till every former tranſgreſſion be cancelled, by a decent and compoſed behaviour for the ſpace of one year and one week.

"XI. That any member marrying a lady whoſe name ſtill appears on the regiſter, ſhall forfeit one half of her jointure.

"XII. That the 'Monthly Muſeum' be continued; and that a report of the club be ſent to the Editor, praying him to publiſh in his valuable Miſcellany ſuch reports as may tend to the improvement of his fair patroneſſes.

"TOM TOUCHY, *Inſpector.*"

This club, of which I have the honour to be Inſpector, or Preſident, is compoſed of ſuch perſons as are ſituated in very different ſtations of life, and deputed, as it were, amongſt all ranks of ſociety; inſomuch, that I ſhall be furniſhed with the behaviour of almoſt every female, not only in this, but in moſt of the pariſhes in the whole kingdom. I likewiſe think it neceſſary to inform you, Mr. Editor, that no partiality whatever ſhall be ſhewn to any rank or degree amongſt them; nor ſhall any ladies experience the cenſure of the 'Inſpector,' but thoſe whoſe conduct deſerves reproof.

Stockton, Feb. 1800. DELIUS.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXI.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Madam,

IF you think the following remarks of ſufficient value to deſerve a place in your intereſting and uſeful Paper, their

appearance will be a flattering proof of your approbation, and ſtimulate me to farther exertions in the ſame line of compoſition.

EUGENIA.

A WOMAN'S dreſs, like her reputation, ſhould be without a ſpot. Neatneſs in attire is a moſt powerful attraction: it in ſome meaſure compenſates for the want of beauty; and where perſonal charms are numerous, it gives them a double luſtre. Nor is this quality leſs propitious to health than to fortune and love. A perpetual attention to the minutiæ of cleanlineſs is deemed the moſt ſovereign preſervative againſt all diſeaſes, endemial as well as conſtitutional; while dirty finery, at the ſame time that it creates a waſte of expence, never fails to diſguſt, and ſometimes to injure. In Britain's happy iſle, beauty is not only natural, but heightened by every charm of becoming dreſs: nevertheleſs, there are ſome inſtances where the tawdry is, by a falſe taſte, preferred to the neat; and the ſlut claims a kind of negative merit, from avoiding the imputation of being prim. Extremes have always been cenſured as being irregular; it is therefore needleſs to obſerve, that the golden mean is the ſafeſt rule to walk by: but, if it is impoſſible to avoid error, the exceſs ſhould be on that ſide where merit certainly lies.

I had formerly two female friends, whom I ſhall name Primilla, and Slutilla. A ſhort character of each will beſt illuſtrate my doctrine.

Primilla was brought up under a maiden aunt, whoſe ſole merit conſiſted in railing againſt preſent manners and modes, and extolling thoſe which were predominant in her juvenile years. Her niece was early taught to hold herſelf as ſtiff as the unbending poker; and to dreſs with a preciſion and neatneſs, which made her clothes appear as if intended for her chains. She was cleanlineſs itſelf; ſhe was lovelineſs in feature, and purity in heart; but her ſtiffneſs gave her the air of affectation among ſtrangers: and the rigid maxims of her aunt, who generally attended her, kept her from a diſplay of thoſe amiable qualities which were inherent in her. The

aunt

aunt died, and ſhe became her own miſtreſs, with an ample fortune. She immediately threw off the trammels of prudery, dreſſed in the reigning (but avoided the fantaſtical) taſte; ſoon captivated a young gentleman of merit; and, though ſhe has now been married twelve years, ſhe has not proved negligent of her duty or her dreſs, nor once advanced the ſtale pretence,—that a woman who has got a young family cannot be neat.

Slutilla was the daughter of a mechanic, who, by a fortunate ticket in the lottery, from indigence and drudgery found himſelf in poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. His wife, being unaccuſtomed to move in a ſphere equal to ſuch a fortune, was determined not to err by underdoing her part. She dreſſed to exceſs, and brought her daughter up to do the ſame. But, had you ſeen them on any public occaſion, you would have ſworn they had copied faſhions from a gallery of family paintings, borrowing ſomething from each. Such heterogeneous mixtures of modes were never diſplayed: a falſe taſte gave the word, and the whole dreſs was at variance. Unity and Simplicity, two eſſential ſources of beauty, were entirely unknown: young Slutilla was tawdry without being fine; expenſive without being neat. Her fortune procured her a huſband: ſhe immediately concluded the intention of dreſs was at an end, as far at leaſt as might be deemed ornamental, and accordingly ſhe ſtudied it no longer. Her finery, though ſufficient to have ſerved her for ſome years, was put on with ſuch diſguſting negligence, and its preſervation ſo little regarded, that ſhe ſoon reſembled one of thoſe unfortunate fanciful people that inhabit Bedlam; who think a combination of fine rags and gay colours the height of perſonal decoration. By theſe means ſhe early diſguſted her huſband, and made herſelf ridiculous to all her acquaintances. She ſaw and felt this; but ſhe was either too indolent, or too deſtitute of good ſenſe, to reform; and ſhe fell a victim to wounded pride and chagrin, at an age when ſhe might have been capable of giving and receiving the pureſt domeſtic pleaſures.

From

From the fate of this unfortunate woman, I hope my fair readers will take warning; and while they, above all things, ſtudy to preſerve the purity of the mind, and the delicacies of virtue, never ſlight thoſe external decorations, which ſerve to engage affection, and keep its flame alive.

* * * * * *

On various occaſions we have already given our opinion on the attentions which the female world ſhould pay to decency of dreſs, and how far it is not only allowable, but commendable, to follow the reigning faſhion. We entirely coincide with our Correſpondent on the neceſſity of married women, in particular, paying the ſtricteſt regard to the preſervation of thoſe qualities and accompliſhments which charmed in the virgin, if they wiſh their empire to laſt. And who can be weak enough to deſpiſe whatever can pleaſe the huſband on whom their future deſtinies depend;——or to think that marriage is to exonerate them from attentions which rendered them engaging in the eyes of the lover? When the union is cloſe, and the ties are become inſeparable, there ſhould be a mutual endeavour, not ſo much to conceal, as to remove, whatever can be inimical to domeſtic pleaſure and endearment. The opportunity that is now given for detecting even latent errors, ſhould teach vigilance on both ſides not to commit them; and each ſhould ſtrive to enlarge their ſphere of good or agreeable qualities, that they may add to that ſtock from whence they are to draw their happineſs for life.

But while we eagerly contend, that a decent attention ſhould be paid by women, in every ſphere and every relation, to external appearances, we are not ſo much the votaries of Faſhion as to give our implicit ſanction to the principles of the ſubſequent Ode, addreſſed to that ever-changing Goddeſs, with which we have been favoured by an unknown hand. It, however, may deſerve a place, if it is only to point out more ſtrongly the folly and futility of ſuch as devote their whole time and ſtudy to the inſignificant purſuit of new modes, and new dreſſes, without intermiſſion, and without end.

ODE

ODE TO FASHION.

THEE, gay Faſhion! I adore,
Bleſs me with thy vary'd ſtore:
Quick each ſudden change impart
To my ever-reſtleſs heart.

Till I ſee thy cheerful face
Dulneſs reigns in ev'ry place:
Wrapt in gloom I paſs my days,
Sighing for thy ſhifting ways.

Source of Taſte! from thee muſt flow
All the joy my breaſt can know:
All the bliſs I can receive,
Thou, and only thou, can'ſt give.

Nature's charms, without thy aid,
Vainly their luxuriance ſpread;
Genial ſun, and lawn, and grove,
Muſic, poeſy, and love!

Doſt thou ſmile,——an Eden glows!
Doſt thou frown,——'tis Iceland's ſnows!
Cheer, then, this thy favour'd iſle
With an everlaſting ſmile.

Oxford. AURELIA.

A SPIRITED ADDRESS TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSEUM,

For having imprudently inſerted a *Libel* upon the *Ladies*, under the ſanction of an OLD WOMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you profeſs to write for the entertainment of the Ladies, I think you might adopt a more agreeable method than that of *ſatirizing*, or rather *characterizing*, their foibles.

Did ever mortal read a more inſulting letter than that which appeared under the ſanction of an *Old Woman?*—— though,

though, *entre nous*, I believe her to be an *Old Maid*. However, that is not material; though it certainly is one of the moſt illiberal compoſitions that ever was produced, and little better than a jargon of nonſenſe; for as to Heſperides being obliged to have a dragon to take care of her garden, that can have no connection either with a *good* or *bad* wife. But, I ſuppoſe, it is like one of thoſe elegant philippics which we frequently hear thrown out againſt the ſex, from our poor Grandmother having been tempted to taſte the forbidden fruit (although her huſband was equally to blame), and perhaps may mean the ſame thing; for I know nothing about Heſperides. Be that as it may, Mr. Editor, it was not a proper kind of letter to appear, and is impertinent enough to ruin the future ſale of the Work. As to the compariſons of the "Toll-gate," the "Fury in adverſity," and the "Enemy to domeſtic felicity,"——the firſt is *vulgar*,—the ſecond *virulent*,—and the third *wicked*.

To what cauſe, let me aſk, is to be aſcribed that diminution in domeſtic bliſs which diſgraces the age in which we live? Does it alone proceed from *Female frailty?* Or have the *mighty lords* of the *creation* ſome *little* right to ſhare the general blame?

Viſit, I beſeech you, Mr. Editor, the preſent circles of faſhionable reſort, and obſerve the conduct of thoſe petit-maîtres, and tell me whether it is poſſible for a woman of ſenſe or feeling to look up for protection to ſuch a race of beings? Fortunately for us, the preſent ſyſtem precludes the poſſibility of ſuch a weak idea; for it would be as obſolete and vulgar for a young man of faſhion to pay the leaſt *attention* to a *lady*, as it would be for him to appear in public in ſquare-toed ſhoes, or his waiſtcoat pockets extending to his knees!

Yet do not ſuppoſe, Mr. Editor, that it is merely from want of *politeneſs* and *attention* that the failure in matrimonial felicity proceeds; for it certainly dates its origin from a more corrupted ſource. *Boys*, in the preſent age, defy controul, and laugh at what is termed parental power. With paſſions ſtrong,

ſtrong, and judgment weak, they incautiouſly plunge into every ſpecies of vice, until their health is deſtroyed, their principles corrupted, and their fortune ruined! And what is the cure for all theſe dreadful ills?——*a Wife!!* Yes, Mr. Editor, a Wife is the Libertine's laſt reſource!——the ſovereign antidote for all his cares!——the grand arcanum by which his credit is retrieved, and the ſource from whence his future pleaſures flow!

Allowing a wife to be capable of producing ſuch an extraordinary revolution in the fortune of a man who appeared a ruined character, has ſhe not a right to expect ſome little return for favours ſo extenſive? Has ſhe not reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe is to enjoy his *ſociety*,—repoſe under his *protection*,—and receive indubitable proofs of his tenderneſs and eſteem?——But,—no:——his time is occupied in purſuits which diſgraces the name he bears. Inſtead of a Protector, ſhe meets with an Alien; and where ſhe expected to find affection, ſhe is treated with coldneſs or contempt! This mortification ſhe ought to have been prepared to encounter——ſhe ought to have known that a man of *ſpirit* could not condeſcend to be dangled to the very apron ſtrings of his wife, or be unfaſhionable enough to enjoy her ſociety. Beſides, ſhe ſhould have had diſcrimination enough to diſcover that it was not *herſelf*, but her *fortune*, he had wedded; and that, in conferring upon her the dignity of an ennobled name, he had more than cancelled all pecuniary obligations!

Theſe are the arguments, Sir, your men of faſhion advance for deſpiſing the moſt ſacred of human engagements; and to cauſes ſimilar, or parallel with theſe, is to be aſcribed the gradual decreaſe in domeſtic comforts.

You, Mr. Editor, as a man of the world, muſt allow that I have not in the ſlighteſt inſtance overdrawn the character; neither have I, with an illiberal, ſatiric pen, accuſed the ſex of failings which belong not to them. But, can your Correſpondent ſay the ſame? Where will you find a wife deſpiſing conjugal affection—or one who, in the hour of trouble and affliction, doubles the burden ſhe is bound to ſhare?—In

ſhort,

ſhort, Mr. Editor, I find that if I was to attempt anſwering the various charges which are alledged againſt the Ladies, in a detached or progreſſive manner, I ſhould exceeds the bounds preſcribed to a letter. I will, therefore, take up no more of your time than is neceſſary for me to ſay,—that I deny them in the agregate; and at the ſame time poſitively aſſert, that not one of my ſex is capable of making a *Good Wife*, according to the acceptation in which your Correſpondent conſiders the term.

I am, Sir, your provoked, though real admirer,

A Champion for my Sex.

A RARE AND HAPPY INSTANCE OF

FEMALE CONSTANCY AND TRUE ATTACHMENT.

COLONEL Cunningham, who was wounded in the late expedition againſt Holland, in a manner too ſhocking to relate, on his return to England viſited Miſs Worſley, with whom he was under matrimonial promiſes, and, with great candour and real magnanimity, told her, that he conſidered the accident which had befallen him in Holland to be of a nature to put an end to every engagement between them. With ſtill greater honour, and unequalled heroiſm and fidelity, the Lady replied——

"That, unleſs his mind was more altered than his perſon, ſhe wiſhed to perform her vows!"

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD,

BY A WATCHMAKER AT OXFORD.

HERE are fabricated and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculus or taciturnal; whoſe circumgirations are performed by internal ſpiral elaſtic or extenſive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, ſimple or compound, inveſted with aurent or argent integuments.

The

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 111.]

CHAP. V.

AGREEABLY to the earneſt petition of Ellinor, the remains of her mother were interred, as privately as poſſible, in the vault of the Abbey; and the whole family, out of reſpect for Ellinor, aſſumed the ſable habit, from which the beauty of that lovely girl derived freſh luſtre. Her penſive melancholy tenderly affected the heart of the Counteſs; and in a ſhort time ſhe was almoſt equally loved with the amiable Louiſa. The firſt opportunity Adelaide found to withdraw herſelf from the family, ſhe renewed her peruſal of the Narrative.

——— "The Chevalier lifted me in his arms, and carried me through ſeveral broken arches, which afforded but an imperfect ſhelter from the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm. He brought me into this very room———'This, Madam,' ſaid he, looking round him with gloomy ſatisfaction, 'you may conſider as the place of your future reſidence. But, as I wiſh to be exculpated from the charge of injuſtice, you ſhall be fully acquainted with my reaſons for this proceeding.—In the firſt place, then, learn—you are no longer to conſider yourſelf as my wife;—you are not ſuch.'

'Oh, Heaven!' cried I, 'reſtrain his inauſpicious tongue!'

"He ſtopped me.———

'This rant, Madam, availeth nothing: my decree is inviolable, and your impertinence will not defeat its purpoſed end. Particular circumſtances rendered a lawful marriage neceſſary; but as your high ſpirit might lead you to deſperate means, and you might endeavour to ſtimulate the remaining branches of your family to avenge what you ſhould deem your

wrongs, I have judged it expedient to put it beyond your power to injure either yourself or me. You will here find a peaceful abode, nor shall you want for any thing, the luxuries of life excepted; but this no longer than while you submit unrepiningly to my will: for if ever you attempt, or suffer your daughter, to quit the place, your life will infallibly be the forfeiture.'

"He advanced ceremoniously to salute me. I cast myself at his feet, embraced his knees——'Dufour!' cried I, piteously, 'can you leave me at this hour—in this place—and in such a night!——By all the love you ever professed for me, I conjure you to stay till the cheering rays of morning shall revisit my sad prison! Oh! in mercy hear me.' He seemed moved.

'Cowardice!' said he——'a mere pretence to torment me,' as he peevishly seated himself by my side.

"My destitute situation obliged me to smother the repinings which inflated my heart, and rose to my lips, lest he should immediately leave me to all the unknown horrors of the place.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Alas! is there never to be an end to my sad captivity! ——The Chevalier seems more kind than usual—he visits me often, and has brought me books for my child's instruction; but he seems afflicted; says he will come no more: he even wept. Surely my sufferings have at length touched his hard heart——rapturous thought! Ah! my Dufour, will you renounce all the ties of Nature! Six years—sad years of imprisonment—have rendered her a suppliant not to be resisted, but by the callous heart of Insensibility! Hark!—she lisps your name!——sweet sound!——yet you look not smiling upon her!——See, how affrighted!—at your sternness she hides her face in my bosom;——that poor, agitated bosom, which cannot long afford her succour!

* * * * * * * *

"A letter

" A letter dropped from his pocket as he took from thence a handkerchief, to hide the tears which my lovely Ellen drew to his eyes. Oh! how I ſhudder! Poor, frail creature——how ſhould it affect me!

'TO THE CHEVALIER DUFOUR.

'LET no time be loſt—Prepare 'the Abbey for Adelaide's reception—ſhe will be back with 'me in a few days. I do not entertain a doubt of our ſuc-'ceſs. Her fortune is more ſure than Clementina's: we were 'ſadly duped there! No matter——Maudal was a truſty 'dog——Made a good parſon! I have acted with great 'prudence in this affair: all will be our own, if your ſqueam-'iſh ſcruples do not defeat all my projects. Mind that you 'ſecure the other.

'ST. OSWALD.'

" Gracious God!—Then he has, indeed, made another victim! Infamous ſcrawl!—thus—thus I tear you! Can ſuch a villain remain, like a blot, on the ſurface of the earth!

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Jacques now brings all our proviſions, but he is too truſty to anſwer my interrogations. Yet ought I not to thank the gracious Author of life for preſerving to me my child in this dreary ſolitude, to be the ſolace of my age? In the cultivation of her underſtanding I paſs my liſtleſs hours. The world I tell her of ſeems to her but a fairy tale. Nay, my own ſenſes ſtagger when I revolve paſt ſcenes! We cannot be far from the Abbey; and the length of our journey was but a trick to impoſe upon me. Ellinor has wandered about this ſpacious ruin, but there is no outlet for eſcape, unleſs we were to precipitate ourſelves from a tremendous height; and if we were, and ſhould eſcape with life, we ſhould inevitably be detected.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"By my watch, we have now paſſed a week without being viſited by Jacques. He uſed to bring us proviſions daily —but the wretched are always abandoned! Surely, my puniſhment is too great! Our food is all conſumed: the laſt cruſt I had I gave to Ellinor——'twas moiſtened by my tears. She knew not that I was then famiſhing for the want of it, or her precious lips would not have admitted the ſavoury portion. But I ſhall not want it long; my frame daily approaches the peaceful grave. But my Ellinor, my child—muſt ſhe then ſtarve!——Diſtracting thought!!——Ellinor! —Ellinor!"

The papers were now finiſhed, and the profuſion of tears ſhed by the Counteſs preſerved her from fainting. The villany of the Count was now fully authenticated; but Jacques was dead; ſo alſo was Maudal; ſo that no witneſſes of the tranſactions remained. She had alſo inconteſtible proofs of her own marriage with Duſour. But of Ellinor ſhe was at a loſs how to diſpoſe: her preſence could not but be a ſource of continual uneaſineſs to her; but her humanity envelloped every other conſideration, or at leaſt rendered them comparatively light, and ſhe determined to keep the birth of her protegée a ſecret from Alfred and Louiſa; and, by fabricating a fictitious account of her origin, bring her up with her own children. She immediately ſent for Ellinor, and acquainted her with her intention, and alſo the real ſtate of her family.

The aſtoniſhment of the lovely orphan was great: ſhe gazed at the Counteſs with a mixture of reſpect and tenderneſs; the big tears rolled reſiſtleſs down her cheeks, and, with a voice broken with ſobs, ſhe cried——

"Am I, then, in the ſpot where I firſt drew breath?—Perhaps the very room! And are you that wife———."

Gratitude ſuppreſſed what would have followed, and ſhe ſunk at the feet of the Counteſs overwhelmed with grief.—Adelaide raiſed her tenderly, promiſed to be a mother to her, and was already prepared to love her as her daughter.

Ellinor

Ellinor was now joyfully admitted a member of the family; her gentleneſs and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition endearing her to every one. The ſprightly Louiſa ſtrove with all her artleſs gaiety to divert the melancholy ſadneſs of her friend, and ſo far ſucceeded as to engage her in all her little pleaſurable parties without reluctance; and the Counteſs, by degrees, conquered the repugnance her preſence at firſt inſpired.

The generous heart of Alfred, tenderly ſuſceptible of every emotion, could not inſenſibly behold the beauty of Ellinor; yet the ſentiment was to himſelf ſo new, that he dared not truſt himſelf with an inveſtigation of his own feelings. Ellinor, on her part, was not convinced that he was the firſt being of the ſex ſhe had beheld beauteous, amiable, and accompliſhed; ſhe felt the full power of a paſſion fatal and criminal; ſhe ſhuddered at the ſuggeſtion of the guileleſs Louiſa, who read in her eyes the language of the heart, and ſometimes rallied her on her love for Alfred. She ſhook with horror, and, flying from the preſence of her friend, ſought the ſequeſtered alcove, as an aſylum from her own reflections. In her way, ſhe found Alfred ſtretched on the graſs, being employed in tracing features ever beloved on a piece of vellum:———

"What is it that ſo deeply engages Alfred?" ſaid Ellinor with forced eaſe.

He raiſed his eyes tenderly to her face: they were ſuffuſed with a ſoft languor, and bluſhes covered his cheeks. Turning the paper, he held it towards her, and ſhe could not for a moment doubt of the ſemblance being her own. She ſtarted, and turned pale: the child of Nature, ſhe could not diſguiſe her ſentiments, but ſhame and fear were conſpicuous in her face.

—"Ah! Ellinor," ſaid Alfred, riſing, "I ſee you deteſt me: cruel girl—you muſt know that I love you; and you triumph in my diſtreſs!"

"No, Alfred," ſaid Ellinor: "indeed, you do me injuſtice. I love you;—but we muſt part—It cannot be!"

She fell upon his neck, and leaned her face upon his ſhoulder.

"What ſay you, Ellinor," ſaid Alfred, tenderly——— "Part!———No,—never! You own you love me;—let me, then, fly to my mother:———ſhe is ever kind, ever indulgent;—the tidings will rejoice her!" And he would have fled. She caught his arm———

"Ah! no, Alfred!—Would you drive me mad?——By all your love for me, I beſeech you not to ſay a word to the Counteſs; ſhe is already ſufficiently unhappy; ſhe muſt not know it; this is a fatal ſecret!———Oh! that I durſt but tell you!———Alfred, we muſt conquer this unhappy paſſion:—it will be our ruin!"

He took her paſſive hand, and kiſſed away the tears that trickled down her cheeks—.

"Deareſt girl, why will you torture me ſo! Surely, you cannot be in earneſt? There is no ſecret but what my mother ſhares in common with us. Louiſa can tell you the ſame."

The Counteſs at this moment entered the garden, accompanied by Louiſa. Alfred ſtill retained the hand of Ellinor, and, advancing to Adelaide, dropped on his knees—

"Will my ever-indulgent mother refuſe to bleſs her ſon with the worthy object of his love? Will ſhe not beſtow upon her Alfred the hand of the admirable Ellinor? Speak, deareſt mother: nothing remains but your conſent to render us both happy."

Ellinor ſnatched her hand forcibly from him, and, covering her face, ruſhed towards the Abbey, followed by the affrighted Louiſa. The Counteſs gazed upon her ſon for ſome time with looks of the deepeſt concern.

"Alfred," ſhe cried, "Ellinor can never be your wife!"

Alfred flung himſelf upon the earth in a fit of deſpair—"Oh! mother," he exclaimed, "you have killed me!—Here let me lie, and breathe my laſt; for here it was my Ellinor ſaid ſhe loved me!—and think not that I will ſurvive her loſs."

The

The Counteſs, unable to witneſs his agony, returned to the Abbey, and ſent Louiſa to remain with her unhappy brother.

CHAP. VI.

Louisa found him extended on the earth, the paſe image of Woe! She flung herſelf by the ſide of him—"Alfred! —my deareſt brother!—ſpeak to me!" She felt his hands; they were cold. "Ah!" cried ſhe, "he is dying!—For Pity's ſake, ſpeak one word. You muſt not lie here—indeed, you muſt not!"

He roſe, as if careleſs of his fate, and in a melancholy ſtate ſuffered her to lead him away; repeating, ſoftly, as he went —"Ellinor not mine! ——She muſt——ſhe ſhall!"

When they reached the Abbey he retired to his chamber, and threw himſelf on the bed in a ſtate of mind too much diſturbed to admit of conſolation. Morning found him in the ſame ſtate, but he was ſtartled by the haſty entrance of Louiſa, who exclaimed——

"Riſe, dear Alfred, riſe!——Our Ellinor is loſt to us for ever!——She is gone, no one knows whither!——My poor mother is diſtracted!"

Alfred needed no more; but, riſing, inſtantly ran to the parlour, where he found the Counteſs, in tears, peruſing a note which ſhe held in her hand. She preſented it to Alfred as he entered, who eagerly read it to the end, ſcarcely allowing himſelf time to breathe. It ran thus:—

"TO THE COUNTESS ST. OSWALD.

"Ever-revered benefactreſs,

"To ſave your generous ſoul a pang, "I have made this ſacrifice. Heaven knows, I would act "conformably to my duty, were it in my power; but I have "no longer confidence in myſelf. In quitting your roof, I "have forſaken all in this world valuable to me: but if I

"have

" have in any way promoted your welfare by it, I am re-
" warded. To my loved Louiſa bid for me a long farewel.
" Tell her, that the conſciouſneſs of my virtuous intentions
" only ſupported me under this afflicting ſtroke. Teach her
" not to hate her Ellinor. Never will her kindneſs be eraſed
" from my memory. There is one more, to whom I would
" ſay much; but language is inadequate to convey my ſenti-
" ments——I mean my Alfred!——Tell him to call his
" reaſon—the divine precepts of religion—to his aid; and
" ceaſe to think of me otherwiſe than as a friend. I can
" truſt to the rectitude of his principles, when he no more
" ſees the object of his ill-fated attachment.

" Dear and invaluable friend, adieu. Deep in my boſom
" remain your beloved images. Oh! pity and pray for the
" wandering

" ELLINOR."

Alfred was almoſt frantic: he called his mother cruel, inhuman! But ſhe made allowance for the diſtreſſes of his mind, and exerted all her power to reſtore his perturbed ſpirits. Meſſengers were diſpatched every way in purſuit of the fugitive, but they all returned equally unſucceſsful. In her heart the Counteſs applauded the virtuous heroiſm of Ellinor, but trembled for the dangers ſhe muſt undoubtedly be expoſed to, and mourned her loſs with maternal fondneſs.—She endeavoured to make Alfred reſigned to his fate, and ſo far ſucceeded, as to reſtore him to ſome degree of calmneſs; but his ignorance of the real cauſe of Ellinor's flight made him leſs tractable, it being a ſecret which the Counteſs would not as yet truſt them with, as ſhe could not endure the thought of teaching her children to abhor their own father, however culpable he might be. The recent event rendered her more than ever deſirous to return to the Caſtle de Laneville; but this was a gratification, for the preſent, denied her, and ſhe ſubmitted to her lot with reſignation.

Ellinor was born the child of romance. Ignorant of the world, ſhe thought only of the ſecurity of the preſent, nor ſuffered

ſuffered a thought of the future to embarraſs her imagination. In her ardour to eſcape even the ſhadow of criminality, ſhe hit upon a ſcheme, which ſhe wanted neither patience nor courage to execute, had it been practicable; and for ſome time the rectitude of her intentions ſupported her in her ſingular enterprize: but when ſhe had wandered about ſix miles, inſenſible of fatigue, and, turning her head, beheld the diſtant ſpires of St. Oſwald's Abbey, her ſpirits failed; in ſpite of her heroiſm, ſhe felt her heart palpitate: caſting her eyes around, ſhe found herſelf upon a barren heath. Cheerleſs and diſconſolate, ſhe laid her head againſt a tree, and yielded to her melancholy reflections.——"Poor, forlorn wretch!" ſaid ſhe mentally: "what will now be thy fate? Without home—without friends—a miſerable outcaſt! But, ſurely, that Providence which has hitherto preſerved me will not now leave me wholly deſtitute!"

She roſe, invigorated with the idea, and purſued her road acroſs ſeveral fields. Night drawing on apace made her look round in ſearch of a ſhelter. A miſerable hovel was raiſed by the road ſide; thither ſhe crawled, almoſt ſinking with fatigue. She approached with gloomy hope, and knocked for admittance. She waited a conſiderable time, but no one anſwered. Determined, at laſt, to try for admittance, ſhe puſhed th e door; it yielded: all within was ſo profoundly ſtill, as to convince her ſhe was at preſent the only inhabitant. Caſting her eyes timidly around, to her no ſmall ſatisfaction, ſhe perceived ſome ſtraw in a corner, which promiſed to afford her a comfortable bed for that night. She carefully cloſed the door, and throwing herſelf upon her humble couch endeavoured to loſe in ſleep the remembrance of her misfortunes.

Her plan was, to paſs on to the Continent, where ſhe doubted not it would be very eaſy for her to obtain the protection of her mother's family, who, at leaſt, ſhe thought would, from motives of compaſſion, exert themſelves to get her admitted into a convent, where ſhe might bury the remembrance of her ſtill loved, ſtill regretted Alfred.

This

This air-formed ſcheme yielded her great ſatisfaction in the contemplation; and, after enjoying a comfortable repoſe of ſome hours' length, ſhe roſe much refreſhed, though the craving of her appetite reminded her how long ſhe had faſted. —The vegetable productions ſupplied by the all-bounteous hand of Nature were for two days her only ſuſtenance. On the third ſhe felt herſelf quite exhauſted, and ſhe threw herſelf, faint and weary, upon the ground. A ruſtling among the trees alarmed her, and, raiſing her depreſſed head, ſhe beheld a tall, harſh-looking man peeping over the hedge againſt which ſhe was ſeated. She roſe, unconſcious of the ſtrangeneſs of her own appearance, and implored ſuccour.

"Faith, then, my pretty one, you ſhall have that, and any thing elſe you want," ſaid the ſtranger, at the ſame time giving a ſhrill whiſtle, which rouſed ſeveral men of ſimilar appearance, whom Ellinor now, for the firſt time, obſerved ſeated at a ſmall diſtance upon the graſs, regaling themſelves with much merriment. They inſtantly advanced towards the fair ſupplicant, with looks of mingled ſurprize and admiration.

——"Oh! for Pity's ſake," ſaid Ellinor, "give me ſome food! I am almoſt famiſhing for want!"

Surprized at this ſtrange requeſt, they led her to their devoted meal, where, inattentive to all around, ſhe began to ſatisfy her appetite, while they retired to ſome diſtance, and diſcourſed among themſelves. When ſhe had eat ſufficiently, ſhe roſe, and thanked them gratefully: but one of the men, approaching rudely, caught her in his arms, ſaying—

"Stay, ſtay, my pretty one; you have not yet paid your reckoning."

She put her hand in her pocket: they all laughed ſo loud, that, mortified and diſtreſſed, ſhe burſt into tears, and begged they would permit her to purſue her journey.

"So you ſhall, ſweet one," ſaid he who appeared the chief; "but it muſt be our road. Here, Carlos," calling to one who ſtood aloof, "bring our horſes, and let us face our barracks:

barracks: we'll have no more forage to-night; better game is ſprung."

When Ellinor underſtood their intentions, ſhe fell on her knees, and entreated them to ſpare her.

"Spare you, my charmer!" replied the man: "never fear; we'll not uſe you ill. Come with us, and you ſhall live like a princeſs!"

He then, in ſpite of all her tears and entreaties, placed her upon his horſe, and, throwing a ſtrap round her, with which he buckled her on, he rode off with her at full ſpeed.

[*To be continued.*]

FORTUNE IN GOOD HUMOUR.

Our Shoes and Fortune, ſure, are near ally'd;
We limp in ſtrait, and ſtumble in the wide.

ROSCOMMON.

UPON a time, Fortune declared herſelf in a humour to make mankind amends for the many miſchievous tricks which ſhe had played them. Her intentions were ſignified; her levee was crowded; and happieſt was he who could get foremoſt in the ranks. A touch upon the forehead gave one impudence: he went off, and married a ducheſs. Aſſiduity was communicated by a kiſs to the tips of another's fingers, and he ſcraped up a million out of the dirt; to be thrown there again by his ſucceſſors. She ſpread an unguent over the tongue of a third, and he flattered his maſter out of a penſion; and ſhe looked ſtupidly into the eyes of a fourth, and, bidding him call it *gravity*, engaged him a biſhopric.

Fortune was as reſerved as a French matron, and as well bred as an Engliſhman of quality. She had almoſt got to the end of her beneficence, when three ſtrangers appeared, one morning, all with the ſame eagerneſs of face, all with vaſt humility and addreſs, and all with the ſame complaiſant eaſe of acquieſcing in whatever ſhe would be pleaſed to beſtow on them.

The

The goddeſs was waſhing her hands as ſhe received their petitions. She caſt a good-natured look towards them, as they knelt to her; and, dangling her left hand with all the jaunty eaſe of an *Auretti*, ſhook off a drop of the ſuds from the tip of her finger. The bubble enlarged its form as it danced towards them; the utmoſt radiance of colouring fluctuated on its ſurface; and within its cavity appeared, ſelf-balanced on its centre (as Milton tells us the world is), in golden capitals, the glorious word—HONOUR! The unſubſtantial form floated in the liquid air, and made its approaches towards each of them, in their turns, as a motion from the finger of the deity gave it direction. Each would have ſeized upon it, but all were forbidden.

"Be ſatisfied," ſaid the goddeſs: "I will ſerve you all. The appearance of it is all that can be of uſe to you. While the breath of your own mouths mutually blows it from one to another, each will be entitled to all its advantages: but, remember, when you graſp it, it is loſt. Let this be your religion," continued ſhe, "this your honeſty, this your friendſhip; let this ſet the ſeal upon your faith, let this keep the key of your treaſures: this ſhall ſtand in the place of every virtue, in the world's eye; and this ſhall take the ſeat of intereſt among yourſelves, and make it worth your while to be faithful to each other. Now, go," concluded the goddeſs: "the world is before you; and know, that—every thing is in the power of him who has *Honour!*"

The ſupplicants departed, the bubble danced before them, and, as it paſſed from mouth to mouth, ſpread a mutual luſtre over the face from which it parted, and that which waited to receive it.

Extravagance was the pretended taſte of one, Influence the glory of the ſecond, and Buſineſs the blind that ſtalked before the laſt; but the ſovereign aim of all was,—Money!—One of them purchaſed his ſhare at the ſlight expence of his Peace; a ſecond, at the yet more inconſiderable purchaſe of his Conſcience—a trifle, not worth the regard of a man that has *Honour*; and the third, at the price of eternal Exile—a conſidera-

conſideration of no great importance to a man who had no friend in any nation, and who was as much at home in one place as another. Sacrifices like theſe could not fail to bend the heart of Plutus; or if they had wanted power to do ſo, the boon bequeathed to them by Fortune would have effected more than the immediate preſence of all the heathen deities. The world reſounded with their eclat: their extravagance would have beggared princes; yet all the while their purſes continued filling. The Alley poured in half its ſtores into the hat of one, in conſequence of the right ſide of a die appearing uppermoſt: the head of a falling halfcrown dictated the ſale of a commiſſion in favour of a ſecond; and a pip extraordinary on a ſpade rooted up for a third all the timber of a foreſt. The loſers murmured at their fate, and the unconcerned ſhook their heads at the means of it: but no ſooner did a glance of ſuſpicion direct itſelf to either of the aſſociates, than a puff from one of the others rolled the bubble towards him, and the ſurmiſe was loſt before words could be got together to expreſs it.

In the courſe of theſe fortunate tranſactions a ſudden blaſt from an unexpected point of the compaſs blew *Honour* over the water. The aſſociation could not ſubſiſt without its influence, nor any ſingle member thrive independently of the others. They ſettled their affairs, and followed the means of their ſucceſſes.

It was not long before they found that they had left the land of *Fortune*. Her native country was the only place where princes dared or could reduce themſelves to beggary to enrich them. What was to be done in this dearth of employment? The aſſociation had been the work of chance, not choice; nor was there any thing to keep it firm, but the very principle which now pleaded for its violation,——Intereſt.

When winters are ſo hard, that the woods afford no other prey; or countries ſo barren, that they produce none elſe, wolves will eat one another. Content is not among the gifts which a fortune of this kind has in its diſpoſal. Neither of the

party could ſuppoſe himſelf rich while the fortune of the other two could add to his poſſeſſions. They mutually ſent up their prayers to the goddeſs who had hitherto favoured them, and begged her to bleſs their laſt attempt with ſucceſs, and now to lodge the whole that her bounty had beſtowed on all in one hand.

The deity could not grant the requeſts of all three; and her wavering diſpoſition would not longer ſupport any one of them. They brought into execution a thouſand plans againſt each other, every one of which muſt have ſucceeded any where elſe; but when the enemy knows the nature of the attack, the defence is eaſy.

Succeſs, at length, was departing from one ſide; but, in the lateſt moments, there are remedies which will detain the fleeting ſoul a little longer in its loved habitation. All theſe, and more than theſe, were tried; but all tried in vain: yet would not the dying hero give up the combat. At length, what Fortune could not execute became the work of reſolution. The firſt thing ſacrificed was the aſſociation. To whoſe ſhare the bubble was now to fall, was the care of all. They forgot the inſtructions of their tutelar deity; they all ſnatched at the trembling prize together: it burſt; the whole apparatus of colours ſunk into a dirty drop of water; the very form was loſt, and the letters melted into air, from whence they had been formed. The bond of union was now broken, and the faith, the friendſhip, and the virtues of the aſſociates vaniſhed with it: the fences between right and wrong fell of their own accord; the locks flew open, and the treaſure went as it had been obtained. The outrageous wind muttered more curſes than the Jew of Venice—

"He claims my life, who claims the means of life; he takes my houſe, who pulls away the pillar that ſupports it."

A thouſand imprecations followed theſe ſtarts of violence: the concluding words were——"Unreveng'd I will not fall, nor ſingle!" The laws of nations were called in to his aſſiſtance, and in a ſtory that could not be explained, no one knows what might have been the deciſion.

The

The deity who had at firſt raiſed, and who had now thrown them down, whoſe delight is in wonderful events, and whoſe character is *capriciouſneſs*, now appeared once more in their favour. All that now appeared was,—that nothing could appear! People were convinced that they were attacking pretences, under the ſemblance of realities; and it was plain to the eye of juſtice, whatever it might have been to that of law, that he who had no right to poſſeſſion could not be plundered; and that the laws of nations ought to have no force in favour of the man who had eluded their ſentence when paſſed upon him.

Jan. 1800. OLD RAZOR.

THESPIAN MANIA.

BY SAM SCRIBBLE.

AMONG the various nuiſances with which this great metropolis is infeſted, few are of more ſerious injury to the riſing generation than *private Theatres*; thoſe numerous aſſemblies of inſipid puerility and diſguſting abſurdity.

Almoſt every idle boy and ſilly girl aſpires to the honours attendant on dramatic notoriety; and the fondneſs (or folly) of many parents induces them to ſanction the preſumptuous arrogance of their offspring.

BABY PLAYS, performed on holydays by children at great ſchools, ſerve to encourage and diſſeminate this contagious mania. Injudicious applauſe fills the youthful mind with extravagant notions of its ability; and to thoſe tolerated evils we may, in a great meaſure, attribute the number of itinerant players, and ſtage-ſtruck infants, that degrade the hiſtrionic art, and depreciate the hard-earned fame of the induſtrious and meritorious actor.

It is a fact nearly ſurpaſſing belief, that many thouſands of the inhabitants of London alone nightly waſte their time in

viewing the awkward attempts of little maſters and miſſes to delineate even the *moſt arduous* characters* of the drama.

I might hurl down the thunder of inſulted common-ſenſe on the *tender* heads of theſe juvenile offenders; but

"Who would break a fly upon the wheel!"

Ridicule is the moſt effectual caſtigator of Folly, in whatever ſhape ſhe may appear; and, perhaps, the following pair of anecdotes may "ſhame the rogues," and induce them to reſume the parts they formerly filled in the nurſery. If, however, they ſhould ſtill prove refractory, I muſt refer them to the unanſwerable arguments of a good *birch-rod*.

Mrs. Scribble, the other evening, prevailed on me to accompany her to one of the private theatres [the "more *private* the better," as Miſt ſays†]. She had been preſented with a couple of tickets by Mrs. Griſkin, whoſe honeſt partner is a retailer of hog's fleſh, and whoſe darling, "Maſter Jacky," was to perſonify the Ghoſt of Hamlet's father, for he had choſen to *cut up* one of our beſt tragedies. Perhaps our modern *five-act farces* might be upon a level with the abilities of ſuch actors in *ſwaddling-cloaths*.

Jacky Griſkin, of courſe, was a mighty favourite of the audience. On his entrance, with grave ſtep and awful mien, the *cork-loft* reſounded with applauſe. Not to be behindhand in civility with his good-natured friends, Jacky bowed and cringed with the air of a dancing-maſter, notwithſtanding his maſſy attire,—his ponderous coat of mail!

Another time I witneſſed the *execution* of the *tragedy* of "Richard the Third;" but it was a moſt *comic* performance.

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* In this deſcription of characters we do not conceive that the highly praiſed Rolla of *Kotzebue* and *Sheridan* is included: the ſplendid *Pantomime* of "PIZARRO," has, however, deſcended to its proper ſphere,—the private theatres: glittering baubles are ever the delight of *children* and *fools*.

† "Management," act IV.

The

The crook-backed tyrant was enacted by a diminutive Jew, whoſe voice, unfortunately, poſſeſſed "a little too much of the *brogue!*" To the credit of the ſpectators, the metamorphoſed ſlipper-vender was ſaluted with loud peals of laughter, to his no ſmall chagrin, as his countenance plainly evinced; which, however, added to the effect of the character. The inſulted hero bridled his choler until the concluding ſcene of the play, in which he fell by the victorious arm of a taylor's apprentice. His mode of *dying* drew forth freſh tokens of mirth from the diverted audience, which, with the diſgrace of his recent defeat, ſo enraged the fallen monarch, that paſſion triumphed over patience, and he nimbly aroſe from the dead, and, in a tone of voice worthy of the departed Richard, he exclaimed——

"Vell!——vat are you grinning at? Do you tink ever a von of you can do it better? If you do, come down, and do it!"

He then, with the moſt dignified compoſure, ſtretched himſelf on the floor, died a ſecond time, and the *blanket* dropped! S. B.

AN ESSAY

UPON THE ADVANTAGES WHICH MUST RESULT FROM ABOLISHING MONASTIC AND CONVENTIC INSTITUTIONS.

DESTRUCTIVE as were the principles, and depraved the conduct, of thoſe men who were inſtrumental to the ſubverſion of the French government, yet, amidſt the ſcene of anarchy and oppreſſion which ignorance and infatuation introduced into that unhappy country, we may trace an advantage which muſt ultimately tend to the real benefit of mankind. The demolition of abbeys, and the overthrow of convents, may be conſidered as one of thoſe extraordinary events, in the chain of human affairs, which ſtrikes the mind with aſtoniſhment, and impreſſes the heart with pleaſure.

That a body of men adorned in the ſacred garb of ſanctity, and profeſſing to teach the doctrine of Chriſtianity, ſhould have converted that dreſs into a veil of iniquity, and, under its ſpecious appearance, have practiſed every kind of licentiouſneſs, is at once a diſgrace to their profeſſion, and a ſtain upon their nature.

"The rank ſoil of Egypt," ſays an author,* who has expoſed the vices of thoſe ſocieties in ſtrong but accurate colours, "was the nurſery of thoſe monſtrous productions of religious extravagance; for the taſte of that people inclined, in all things, towards whatever appeared erroneous and unnatural. Their artiſts, as well as their prieſts and philoſophers, ſtudied not the beautiful, but the myſtic, the extraordinary, the vaſt, and the prodigious! Egypt might be termed the ancient neſt of melancholy fancy and ſuperſtitious madneſs. Her prieſts firſt wore the veil of myſtery with which ſcience was diſguiſed, and formed the fantaſtic vapours by which the philoſophy and religion of the ancients were deformed and obſcured, rather than illuminated and embelliſhed."

The Great Founder of religion and morality laid down ſuch ſimple rules of conduct for our practice, as required neither the art of reaſoning to explain, nor the flow of argument to elucidate; but the ſnares of prieſthood, and the wiles of power, envelloped them within a cloud of darkneſs, and, by a depth of ſophiſtry and cunning, impoſed *their* precepts on the credulous mind.

How diſgraceful muſt be the tenets of that religion which offers abſolution for the moſt heinous crimes, if the perpetrators of them are able to afford the price! The following ſpecimen of Pontifical authority is a faithful extract from the *Romiſche Canzleytaxe*, publiſhed at Cologne, in one thouſand five hundred and fifteen.

* Zimmerman.

——"For

——"For full remiſſion of ſin to the murderer of a brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife, father, or mother,—*ſo many ducats!* For full remiſſion of ſin to an Eccleſiaſtic guilty of incontinence with a holy Siſter, together with entire reſtoration of all offices, dignities, and revenues, of which the offence had deprived him,—*ſo many ducats.* For the full abſolution of an unchaſte or adulterous Nun, together with reinſtatement into her offices and honours,—*ſo many ducats.*"

Amidſt the various cauſes which may be aſſigned for the vices and immoralities which diſgraced the inhabitants of thoſe religious ſanctuaries (where Virtue ought to have attained her higheſt purity), the ſameneſs of their purſuits, the inactivity of their employments, and the ſupremacy of their power, appear the moſt probable; for men of quick ſenſibility, ſtrong imagination, and inflammable paſſions, will too generally find that thoſe ſituations which deprive them of an intereſt in ſociety, and leave them to their own controul, are full of peril, and beſet with dangers: all our inclinations, our paſſions, and our habits, ſhut themſelves up with us in retirement; and every ſentiment, undiſturbed and undiverted, engroſſes to itſelf all the ſuſceptibility of the ſoul. When the imagination is vitiated, and the inclination corrupt, ſolitude then ſerves to attach the mind to depravity; it is there beſieged by laſcivious phantoms, which undermines virtue, and deſtroys peace.

The errors and vices which diſgraced the inhabitants of the cloiſter, were in no leſs degree practiſed within the walls of the convent; and we are informed, that, in the fifteenth century, they were carried to ſuch a pitch of notoriety and ſhame, that, had not Ambroſius (biſhop of Camaldoli) perſonally inveſtigated the abuſes which were carried on, Decency and Decorum would have been baniſhed from their ſeats.

As the feelings of women are more exquiſite and refined than thoſe of the other ſex, ſo are their imaginations more lively and ungovernable; and, when left under the dominion of paſſion or caprice, render them eaſy victims to every kind of corruption. Nothing is ſo dangerous to the

mind

mind of a female as the want of ſome purſuit to intereſt the paſſions, buſy the imagination, or employ the faculties; and it is the obſervation of a very judicious writer, that more bad paſſions have been calmed and prevented by Sewing and Knitting, than by all the precepts of Prudence, or the leſſons of Morality.

Idleneſs was the great root of all the vices, and the chief inſtigator of all the crimes, that marked the characters and conduct of all the oriental Nuns. Few of them had any taſte for ſcience, or habits of reflection, to charm or even relieve that wearineſs which dulneſs and uniformity cannot fail to produce. Deſtitute of talents, and devoid of occupation, they became a prey to lawleſs deſires; and, at length, loſt even to a ſenſe of ſhame, they thoughtleſsly plunged into every ſpecies of licentiouſneſs.

When Sixtus the Fourth, at the cloſe of the fifteenth century, aſcended the papal throne, the firſt ſtep which diſtinguiſhed his government of the church, was an attempt to introduce a reform into the Italian nunneries, under the agency of the canon Boſſus, whoſe correct principles, perfect morals, and inflexible diſpoſition, peculiarly recommended him for the arduous undertaking. It was in vain that Boſſus threatened or remonſtrated: few of them were deterred from their evil courſes; and neither the proſpect of being rewarded in this world, nor the dread of being puniſhed in the next, was ſufficiently ſtrong to allure them to the practice of virtue, or diſſuade them from the purſuits of vice.

The diſorderly conduct of the Monks and Nuns might be conſidered as one of the cauſes which produced the Reformation; and, by that means, fulfilled a ſcriptural obſervation, that—out of *evil* cometh *good*.

From theſe remarks upon the vices that too frequently diſgraced the inhabitants of thoſe inſtitutions which were originally intended as ſanctuaries for religion, it is not to be inferred that there were *no exceptions*; or that all men who lived a life of ſecluſion, paſſed it in the practice of depravity, or guile.

Among

Among the myſtics of the Romiſh church, there doubtleſs were many unequivocal inſtances of magnanimous ſelf-denial; of indefatigable patience and mild humility; and even of active and heroic benevolence: yet, though it has ſometimes borne theſe happy fruits; though it has occaſionally been made productive of the higheſt virtues; and been an antidote to thoſe vices which moſt eaſily infect our nature; we muſt, ſtill, conſider it, in its general operation, as a copious ſource of error and extravagance; as diverting the mind from the true nature and proper ſcene of duties, and deluding it by a mixture of miſguided voluptuouſneſs, fallacious philoſophy, and viſionary piety, to diſobey the leſſons of Reaſon, and deſert the ſervices of Humanity, for ſhadows of unſubſtantial pleaſure and nominal virtues, as unacceptable to the Deity as unprofitable to his works.

ON THE

PREVAILING FOLLY OF ARROGATING CONSEQUENCE FROM A LINE OF ANCESTRY,

OR OF BEING ELEVATED BY THOSE HONOURS WHICH ARE MOULDERING IN THE DUST.

OF all the follies incident to human Nature, and of all the vanities which ſhe delights to diſplay, that of deriving Conſequence from the Aſhes of our Forefathers appears to me the moſt futile and degrading.

How ſmall a portion of perſonal worth muſt that mind be conſcious of poſſeſſing, which is under the neceſſity of claiming reſpect from a meteor that no longer burns, or from a luſtre that has ceaſed to ſhine!

That the good of ſociety requires ſubordination, and that dignified honours are entitled to reſpect, no perſon would be weak or eccentric enough to deny; but that adulation ſhould be paid merely to Birth, or that the Fool of Fortune ſhould expect to be adored, would be to inſult that independence which we derive from Nature, and to deſtroy that freedom which we enjoy from Heaven.

If

If the luminous glory of an illuſtrious anceſtry was capable of irradiating an opaque form, Lucretia's expectations might be fulfilled, and ſhe might ſhine as a ſtar upon the lower hemiſphere, at which the weak and ignorant would idly gaze; but as the noble blood which circulates through her veins can neither produce generous actions nor exalted ideas, it rather tends to diſgrace its ſource; for when nobility and degeneracy are combined, it acts as a microſcope to imperfection; and thoſe failings which inſignificance conceals, it calls to light, expoſes, and emblazons.

Lucretia is the daughter of a Scotch nobleman, whoſe line of anceſtry is drawn to ſo great a length, that it appears to extend to the Origin of Nobility; and, did not ſacred hiſtory overturn the hypotheſis, would prove that two Adams were originally created, to prevent the poſſibility of any one's ſuppoſing their noble blood could ever have been contaminated by deriving its ſtream from *one general ſource!* As it would have been difficult to eſtabliſh ſo new an aſſertion, Lucretia was under the neceſſity of compenſating for the mortification, by drawing her origin from ſuch a long train of anceſtry, that it was impoſſible for any perſon to trace its riſe; and as no one felt the ſlighteſt intereſt in herſelf, of courſe they could not about her Great-great-grandfather.

It was in vain that ſhe attempted to inſpire reſpect by a chronological detail of her illuſtrious forefathers, or tried to erect the foundation of her own conſequence upon the urns that contained their mouldering aſhes! The weakneſs of her underſtanding, the arrogance of her mind, and the contempt with which ſhe treated untitled merit, rendered her ſo mean and deſpicable a character, that the dignity of the family was likely to periſh with her perſon; and ſhe attained her fortieth year without having received a ſingle propoſal.

Tired of enumerating the merits of progenitors, and alarmed with apprehenſions for her approaching fate, ſhe reſolved to change the ſcene of action, and remove the dignities which were attached to her perſon into a ſofter and more genial ſoil; or, in other words, ſhe reſolved to quit Edinburgh, and

try the influence of her hereditary powers upon the hearts of thoſe who were ſtrangers to them.

For this purpoſe ſhe took lodgings at Bath, and after diſplaying her perſon in every place of faſhionable amuſement, and expatiating upon the advantages which were attached to Nobility, without any perſon appearing anxious to ſhare the poſſeſſion, ſhe found her ſociety ſhunned and deſpiſed, in conſequence of a public inſult which ſhe offered to a young lady whoſe charms attracted general admiration, and whoſe diffidence inſured her univerſal eſteem.

A conduct ſo illiberal and unprovoked called forth the cenſure it deſerved, and every one was anxious to avenge an inſult, which only malice and inveteracy could have diſplayed. Amongſt the number of thoſe who participated in Miſs Leſlie's affront, was the elder ſon of an Iriſh baronet, who, ſtruck with her charms of mind and perſon, gladly overlooked her want of fortune, and was on the very verge of making her his wife.

His valet, who had much the appearance of a gentleman, and poſſeſſed an ample portion of impudence and eaſe, hearing his maſter complain of the outrage which had been committed againſt the common forms of decency and politeneſs, inſtantly reſolved to become the avenger; and, without aſſigning any reaſon for his conduct, demanded a diſmiſſal from his ſervice.

Too much occupied by the thought of approaching happineſs to attend to the motives which actuated his ſervant, Mr. O'Neil inſtantly paid him his wages, without enquiring why they had been demanded, and ſoon after quitted Bath, accompanied by the object of his love and tenderneſs.

A few days after Mr. O'Neil left Bath his valet entered it in a new character; for, having heard that Lucretia had an independent fortune, he inſtantly reſolved to unite it with his own. He announced himſelf to the Maſter of the Ceremonies as Sir Charles O'Connor, ſingled out Lucretia as his partner for the night, and played his part with ſuch infinite addreſs, that ſhe had not the ſlighteſt idea of the deception, but

but was ſo delighted with the elegance of his compliments, that ſhe gave him a general invitation to her houſe.

The beauty of his form, and the elegance of his perſon, would in themſelves have been ſufficient to favour his ſuit; but when theſe were combined with a long liſt of anceſtry, which he had artfully introduced to aſſiſt his cauſe, the attraction became too powerful, and her perſon and fortune were placed in his hands, without a ſingle enquiry having been made as to the validity of his title or eſtates.

Grief, rage, terror, and indignation, by turns, occupied Lucretia's breaſt; and not all the gratification ſhe derived from the importance of her own family could compenſate for the degeneracy of her huſband.

REMARKS ON THE PARTIALITY OF WRITERS TO THE UNHAPPY.

" ——————————— the taſk
" Impos'd on Genius by the will of Heav'n."

SO conſtant has been, and ſtill is, the inclination of every one who, with Heaven's patent for his ſacred employment, has undertaken the inſtruction of mankind, to exalt the miſerable, even to the depreciation of thoſe who have the probabilities of happineſs in their favour, that I cannot but conſider their pathetic, their bleſſed efforts as reſulting from the natural and unalterable laws of human ſympathy.

Dr. Blair has remarked, that our diſpoſition to " weep with thoſe that weep" is much ſtronger than our propenſity to " rejoice with thoſe that rejoice;" and he has attributed the motive of this difference in the degree of attraction (with profound perception of the benignant laws of Providence) to the greater utility of ſympathy in the one caſe than the other. —The happy want no comforters: in their minds the promiſes of Hope raiſe but little rapture.

It

It is from this cauſe that Poets have been fond of making us "in love with Woe," and to "conſecrate Diſtreſs." Hence it is that we have been taught, as a *feeling*, that happineſs is to be found, not in the palace, but in the cottage; while in *reaſoning* the chances are equal: hence every moral advantage that can poſſibly attend on poverty has been detailed and pictured in the moſt pleaſing colours, that it may weigh againſt the worldly and obvious advantages of wealth,

"And reconcile man to his lot."

Though wealth is but one means of happineſs, yet poverty, becauſe it opens the thouſand doors of misfortune, has been ſo long and ſo univerſally conſidered as the chief calamity to which human life is ſubject, that, in talking of the miſerable, we are led involuntarily to ſpeak of the poor. It is by this appellation that, eſpecially in ancient writings, the wretched of every deſcription are frequently mentioned. It is to theſe that conſolation has been unceaſingly offered; to theſe the evils of luxury, the inſatiety of poſſeſſion, the reverſes of greatneſs, and all the drawbacks and dangers incidental to the natural and deſtined objects of our purſuit, have been always exhibited in ſtrong colours, and, let me add, with conſiderable effect.

So conſiderable, indeed, is the effect of theſe repreſentations, that there is a ſort of general detraction attached to thoſe things that uſually excite our envy; and which, like the preſcribed reproaches of the ſoldiers at the triumph of a Roman victor, ſerves to check ſelf-love; and, going ſtill farther, has actually rendered diſputable the value of all that we moſt earneſtly deſire.

Thus it is that *Beauty*, being withheld from ſome, and being to thoſe who enjoy it an adventitious poſſeſſion which is not the conſequence of merit, has, fortunately, with microſcopic care, been ſcrutinized, and all that can be ſaid againſt it ſedulouſly publiſhed. The excellence of the charm has been called in queſtion, merely becauſe, like nothing elſe

tore to pieces in his preſence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a viſit, ſhe ſmartly exerciſed a cane on his back, which led him to make a ſimilar concluſion, and to decline the honour of an alliance with the Capricorne family. The aſtrologer, however, had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he ſhould refuſe his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madneſs as an excuſe, and demanded time to endeavour to get her cured; proteſting that he would rather loſe his whole fortune, than take her in her preſent ſtate, with the diſpoſition ſhe had manifeſted towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a phyſician to ſee Miſs Adeline. The patient was at the moment lolling in an arm-chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulſion, and holding a thick ſtick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulſe, and, after a great deal of technical nonſenſe, affirmed that he had no heſitation to ſay, that the patient was *non compos mentis;* in Engliſh——mad.

"Mad!——I mad!" cried Adeline, ſtarting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the ſhoulders of the phyſician and poet, with ſo much alertneſs, that each had received a dozen ſmart ſtrokes before the father perceived what ſhe was about; and when he offered to interpoſe, Gertrude prevented him, fearing, as ſhe ſaid, that he ſhould be beaten by his daughter.

The cataſtrophe of this ſcene made the poet reſolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would as ſoon marry Tiſiphone, who whips the little devils about in hell, as ſuch a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finiſhing touch to her ſcheme; ſhe therefore took an opportunity of talking to Mr. Capricorne; and after telling him that he had in ſome meaſure, by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cauſe of his daughter's derangement, ſhe ſaid——

"But the evil does not end here; for, to fill up the meaſure of our misfortunes, for the laſt five days La Grange's

ghoſt

Old Capricorne's curioſity about the ſtars was at an end.—A fountain of perſpiration poured from his quivering limbs. Preſſing cloſe to Gertrude, he muttered—"What ſhall I do!—what ſhall I do! Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me! *Why* don't you ſpeak?—What ſhall I do!"

"A pretty queſtion!" ſhe replied. "Step out, to be ſure, and tell him that you conſent to the marriage: that's all he wants."

"Conſent!—ay, that I will, with all my ſoul!" ſaid he: "but, as to ſtepping out, I had rather not. You go——Go, and ſay what you pleaſe."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricorne himſelf. She now drew the aſtrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himſelf on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promiſed to agree to whatever he deſired.

"I will not take thy word," ſaid he. "Gertrude,—here, in my boſom thou wilt find a paper; draw it forth, and let him ſign it. I employed one of the greateſt lawyers (now in hell) that ever breathed, to make it faſt and binding. Sign!!"

The contract being ſigned, La Grange ſaid——"A part of what is to be done, is done; but I ſhall not revive until thou haſt unburthened me of this winding-ſheet, and my corſe, even with thine own hands, laid in thy daughter's bed; and when I ſhall reſuſcitate, we will perform the reſt of the ceremony."

Capricorne and Gertrude directly ſet about undreſſing this living corſe, and quickly placed it in the bed by the ſide of its dear Adeline. La Grange was no ſooner there, than, heaving a deep ſigh, he exclaimed——

"Ah!—Heaven be praiſed, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricorne!"

ON

ON THE BASENESS OF MANKIND,

&c. &c.

[Concluded from page 127.]

AMONGST the number of young men who had been introduced to Louiſa's circles, was one whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the appellation of Lorenzo, who to the moſt elegant form and manly ſet of features added an inſinuation of addreſs both captivating and attractive. This inſidious adept in the art of *pleaſing* ſoon became marked in his attentions to the unſuſpicious Louiſa, who, flattered by the civilities of ſo faſhionable an admirer, vainly exulted in the conqueſt ſhe had made. It was not by an open avowal of affection, or a declared intention of making her his wife, that Lorenzo ſecured the amiable girl's affection; but it was by a delicacy of attention, that muſt be *felt* to be *conceived*; by an apparent ſolicitude in her concerns; an apprehenſion for her welfare; an alarm for her ſafety; and a thouſand nameleſs ſtudied aſſiduities, which appeared to evince the moſt refined regard.

To this man's aſſiduities Dorincourt aſcribed his diſmiſſal; and, anxious to diſcover whether they were founded in ſincerity, he candidly avowed the nature of his own; and conjured Lorenzo, if he was not ſerious, to diſcontinue thoſe civilities, which might prevent the attentions of other admirers.

Inſtead of ingenuouſly acknowledging the nature of his deſigns, he artfully evaded the propoſed queſtion, and politely inſinuated, that only a father, or a brother, could be authorized in interfering in ſuch a delicate affair. The meanneſs of the ſubterfuge, and the depth of the deſign, were too ſlightly concealed for Dorincourt not to penetrate; and, alarmed for the ſafety of the object of his affection, he generouſly expreſſed both his apprehenſion and his fears.

Diſpleaſed at what ſhe conceived an officious interference, and hurt by the ſlighteſt cenſure being paſſed upon Lorenzo, Louiſa, inſtead of acknowledging the ſenſe of his diſintereſted

violence of prejudice and pique accuſed him of having acted with baſeneſs and diſhonour!

Lorenzo liſtened with compoſure to the charge, and, with all the art of ſophiſticated rhetoric, endeavoured to convince her of the injuſtice of the allegation:—He allowed, that it was impoſſible for any man to ſee Miſs Lutterel without being ſolicitous to offer his attentions; and that, as ſhe received them with an apparent degree of pleaſure, he would not relinquiſh the preference to any being in exiſtence, could he have been ſuffered to follow the bent of his own inclination: but an embarraſſed eſtate, and confined fortune, rendered it neceſſary for him to adopt ſome method for retrieving them; and as an opportunity offered, by which he might now do it, he was under the neceſſity of diſcontinuing his viſits, as the lady with whom he was about to form an alliance was ſo greatly inferior to Miſs Lutterel in charms, that it was not to be ſuppoſed ſhe could approve them.

So ſaying, without waiting for a reply, he abruptly quitted the apartment, leaving Mrs. Lutterel petrified with aſtoniſhment, and overwhelmed with grief.

Louiſa heard the relation with an apparent degree of compoſure, but the ſhock it had given her feelings extended to her heart, and all the efforts of her friends to eradicate the impreſſion proved vain and inefficacious.

Whilſt this amiable girl's health was ſinking under the ſtroke which had been inflicted upon her happineſs, the inſidious villain who had ſeduced her affections was devoting his attention to the daughter of a rich citizen, whoſe perſonal fortune of ſixty thouſand pounds compenſated for the want both of charms and merit.

Until the moment that this incongruous marriage had taken place, Louiſa indulged the hope that her lover might return; and this illuſion, ſo gratifying to her affection, prevented her from becoming the victim of deſpair: but when ſhe was aſſured that the indiſſoluble knot was tied, and that Lorenzo had plighted his faith to another, the unſtable anchor on which ſhe had reſted her hopes inſtantly yielded to the tempeſt which

Among all the expenſive cuſtoms, none had ſo prompt an effect as the edict of Henry the Great, in 1604. This monarch, after prohibiting his ſubjects from wearing gold or ſilver on their cloaths, adds—" except the courtezans and pickpockets, whom we ſhall not honour ſo much as to give attention to their conduct." This order had its full effect. The courtezans and pickpockets did not avail themſelves of the permiſſion.

The different variations that the faſhions of the fair ſex underwent in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and his two ſucceſſors, are too well known; therefore need not be mentioned. Every body remembers the mantles, and large hoops; ſhort waiſts, and large ſleeves; ruffles with three or four edgings, &c. &c.

The Frenchwomen have made ſo rapid a progreſs in various modes of dreſs, which ſet off their charms, that they may give the ton to all the women of Europe. We have ſeen different faſhions ſucceed one another with inconceivable rapidity: the denominations of each kind is quite exhauſted; from the Laplanders to the inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope; from Heaven to the deepeſt part of the earth; the whole creation around lent words to the votaries of the Goddeſs of Faſhion. We have ſeen the Poliſh, Engliſh, Circaſſian, Zealandiſh, Muſſelman robes, of all lengths, open and otherwiſe, cloſe folded and plain. The altar and the throne paid their contribution in naming the Levite Caſſock, the Agnes Frock, the Jeſus Smock, Suky Corſet, and Czarina Gown; and the Caraco appeared in all ſhapes, or with no ſhape at all.

Head-dreſſes of every deſcription, as ridiculous in their names as they were whimſical in their forms, and hardly to be expreſſed in any language but that of the very country that gave them birth. The Pretty Hen* (la bella poule), the Puff (any kind of ſwelling, dumpling-ſhape), the What is it (a queſaquo†), the Hedge-hog, the Sly Kiſs, the Squib, the

* A French frigate. † Spaniſh.

Pointer,

Pointer, Myſtery, Bower of Love, the Jackey and Jockey, the Figaro, and Marlborough Hats. The Globe, the Ingenu,* the Sledge Bonnets. The Flea Puff and the Trifling Cap ruled by turns on the heads of our fair, who transformed, at laſt, the whole hair into flower-beds, orchards, buſhes, &c., and borrowed names from the kingdoms of Flora, Ceres, and Pomona; four volumes would ſcarcely contain their nomenclatures of the different novelties that the inventive fancy of the women imagined ten years ago. This is not all:—they have carried it to ſuch an exceſs, as almoſt to unſex themſelves; their cavalier gait, the black hat, the riding coat and cane, which they have lately adopted, have nearly aſſimilated them with the men. This adjuſtment becomes not women, as it makes them loſe almoſt every grace.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. IX.

LADIES ANNE, MARGARET, *and* JANE SEYMOUR,

WERE three ſiſters illuſtrious for their learning in the 16th century. They wrote four hundred Latin diſtichs on the death of the queen of Navarre, Margaret de Valois, ſiſter to Francis I., which were ſoon after tranſlated into Greek, French, and Italian, and printed at Paris, in 1551, under the title of Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois Reyne de Navarre. Nicholas Deniſot, who had been preceptor to theſe three learned ladies, made a collection, containing a tranſlation of their diſtichs, and ſome other verſes, as well in honour of them, as upon the death of the queen

* A Simpleton, or Plain-dealer.

of Navarre, dedicated it to Margaret de Valois, ducheſs of Berri, ſiſter of Henry II. Other authors are full of encomiums upon them, particularly Ronſard, whoſe ode upon theſe three ladies contains this compliment; that if Orpheus heard them he would become their ſcholar.

And Nicholas de Herberai, Sieur des Eſſars, well known for his French tranſlation of Amadis de Gaule, has ſaid very handſome things of theſe ladies, in a letter he wrote to them, and which was prefixed to the collection of epitaphs on queen Margaret. Is it not then ſurpriſing that they ſhould be ſo little known at preſent? "I have aſked (ſays M. Bayle) ſome Engliſhmen of great learning, and well verſed in the knowledge of books and authors, who thoſe three illuſtrious Engliſh ladies were, and have told them the little I knew of them; they anſwered me, that they knew nothing at all of them. I have received the ſame anſwer from Paris, though I conſulted perſons who, in that kind of learning, have ſcarce any equal. Theſe three famous ladies muſt be inevitably ſunk into oblivion, ſince Mr. Juncker has not ſaid one word of them in the Catalogue of learned women, which he publiſhed ſome time ago. He ſometimes quotes Pits: ſince therefore he ſays nothing of theſe ladies, it is a good proof that Pits himſelf ſays nothing of them. A friend of mine had before aſſured me, that neither Bayle nor Pits, who have treated ſo amply of the writers of that learned nation, have ſaid any thing of theſe three ſiſters."

How it came to paſs, that neither Leland, Bayle, nor Pits took any notice of theſe ladies, may be eaſily accounted for, when it is conſidered that Bayle brought his work no lower than the year 1548: Leland was deprived of his reaſon, and died diſtracted ſoon after; and Pits was ſo extremely averſe to proteſtantiſm, that he purpoſely omitted all the writers who were of that opinion. And as theſe ladies did not make their appearance in the learned world till the year 1551, it is no wonder that no notice is taken of them by the abovementioned writers. However, by the authority of Mr. Fulman, in his fifteenth volume of MS. collections, in the

archives of Corp. Chr. College, we find that they were the daughters of Edward Seymour duke of Somerſet, and uncle to king Edward VI., by Anne his ſecond wife, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, knt. by whom he had ſix daughters, all bred to learning; the eldeſt of whom was Anne, the ſecond Margaret, and the third Jane. Anne was married, firſt, to John Dudley, earl of Warwick, and afterwards to Sir Edward Unton, knight of the Bath. It appears by a letter under her own hand, that ſhe was living towards the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign. Margaret died a maid, though deſired in marriage by the lord Strange, in the year 1551, as appears by a letter directed from the king and council to the earl of Derby, his father, dated in July, that the king's majeſty was well pleaſed that his ſon ſhould ſolemniſe marriage with his kinſwoman, daughter to the duke of Somerſet. But, probably, the duke's diſgrace and misfortunes, which ſoon after befel him, prevented this match. And Jane alſo died in her virginity, notwithſtanding her father's endeavour to have married her to king Edward. She was one of the maids of honour to queen Elizabeth, and in great favour. She died March 19th, 1560, in the twentieth year of her age, and was buried in St. Edmond's chapel in Weſtminſter, with great ſolemnity. On the eaſt ſide of the chapel is a neat monument, which, containing little more than an enumeration of the titles and dignity of the family, we ſhall not trouble the reader with it.

Beſides this inſcription, Mr. Camden has preſerved a copy of Latin verſes in her commendation, compoſed by Dr. Haddon, which being tranſlated are as follow:

ON THE DEATH OF LADY JANE SOMERSET.

FOR genius fam'd, for beauty lov'd,
Jane bade the world admire:
Her voice harmonious notes improv'd,
Her hand the tuneful lyre.
Venus and Pallas claim'd this maid,
Each as her right alone,
But Death ſuperior pow'r diſplay'd,
And ſeiz'd her as his own.

Her virgin duſt this mournful tomb
Its kindred earth contains;
Her ſoul, which fate can ne'er conſume,
In endleſs glory reigns.

A FRAGMENT.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following letter, from its being partly deſtroyed, may be conſidered under the above title; but in what remains of it, the feelings of an injured huſband, and an affectionate father, are ſo finely pourtrayed, and the character of a perfidious, abandoned wife, and unnatural mother, ſo juſtly expoſed, that I think it cannot fail to inculcate virtue and morality in the breaſts of your fair readers; therefore, you may probably judge it worthy of a place in your Lady's Muſeum.

Plymouth, Feb. 1800. VERITAS.

——————— "I AM greatly ſurpriſed at your knowing ſo little either of yourſelf or me, as to venture to aſk for a re-union!———You remind me of having been a "tender huſband!"——the recollection of that circumſtance muſt in future render me an obdurate one, as it brings to my memory unmerited injuries, and paints you—as a wife and mother—in the blackeſt colours!——— Had you thought proper to return to me at either of thoſe periods when my affection got the better of my reaſon, all might have been well again; but as you then preferred an infamous courſe of life to the more tranquil one of domeſtic duties, you muſt now ſeek a protector in the circle of thoſe friends, to whom you have ſacrificed your honour, your health, and every rational enjoyment!

Do you ſuppoſe I have no reſentment in my nature, to conquer an abuſed affection?——or do you think it is to be

recalled

recalled at your pleaſure? I aſſure you it is not——the time is paſt, and gone!———A ſeparation of ſeven years' continuance, together with a total want of truth and generoſity in all your actions, have eaſed me of every painful feeling on your account. Thus circumſtanced, neither yourſelf, nor your intended advocate, can make the ſmalleſt impreſſion on me; and I therefore beg that I may have no more letters on a ſubject which rouſes my reſentment, but can never awaken my compaſſion. * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * ———Inconſiſtency is apparent in every line of that I am now anſwering, and in none more ſo than in thoſe wherein you mention having been more "unfortunate than guilty." Any reaſonable perſon would have ſuppoſed that you would have made uſe of language more likely to have given colour to your pretended contrition; and inſtead of a juſtification of your conduct, I ſhould have read a full acknowledgment of your errors.

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * ———I ſuppoſe you may recollect that this is the birth-day of your eldeſt boy!———a day, in which you ought to experience ſeverer pangs than thoſe with which you brought him into life! Neglected by you from his infancy, I have ſupplied to him the place of two parents; have attended him from the cradle to the ſchool, and diligently diſcharged my duty towards him and his brother. Can you, therefore, think that I will now depart from it, by putting them in the power of an unprincipled and unnatural mother, and expoſe thoſe who have been accuſtomed to tender treatment, and in whoſe minds are ſown the ſeeds of virtue, to the various dangers that would attend the bringing home of ſuch a parent! It cannot be! Was my affection for you of its former ſtrength, and every proſpect to myſelf made bright by our re-union, yet the certain conſequence of it to my boys would ſtill keep us aſunder.

I write ſtrongly, to deter you from any future application, though I am convinced that you but deceive yourſelf in ſup-

poſing that you have a wiſh to return; or, at leaſt, that it ariſes but from a ſenſe of intereſt, and is totally unconnected with any principle of duty.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ——The bounds of decency were ever too narrow for you to tread in, and your paſſions have been too long inflamed by an exceſs of vice, to be brought into ſubjection at your bidding. But even ſuppoſing you inclined to return to your domeſtic duties, and to be ſincerely ſorry for having violated them; yet, my affection for you being gone, the united powers of language could not move me to recal you. Never, therefore, attempt to write to me again; but, take this laſt aſſurance of my forgiveneſs, and of my wiſhing you reſtored to Virtue, as the only means of being reſtored to Health and Happineſs!

SCHOOL of ARTS.

NO. XV.

Proceſs for producing Lights in ſtained Drawings, by Mr. Francis Nicholſon, of Ripon, Yorkſhire.

THE difficulty of preſerving the lights in ſtained drawings with freedom and preciſion, is ſo univerſal felt by thoſe who cultivate that branch of the arts, the practice of which is growing every day more extenſive, that the ſtatement of this circumſtance alone is ſufficient for the introduction of the following proceſs, by which that difficulty is removed, and by which all the effect of body colour may be obtained, without any of its inconveniences or defects. It is applicable to every ſubject, to the richneſs of foliage, of rocks, or of foregrounds; and in ruins, their moſt picturesque appendages of hanging ſhrubs, weeds, &c., may be expreſſed by it with the utmoſt ſharpneſs, and with all the lightneſs and freedom of which body colour, or oil painting, are capable.

The principle of this proceſs conſiſts in covering the places where the touches of light are intended to be with a compoſi-

tion

tion not liable to be diſplaced by waſhing over it with the colour, and ſuch as may be afterwards removed by a fluid, in which the colours uſed in water are not ſoluble.

This compoſition or ſtopping mixture is made by diſſolving bees-wax in oil of turpentine, in the proportion of one ounce of wax to five ounces of the oil; and, as near the time of uſing it as may be convenient, grind with the pallet-knife as much flake-white, or white-lead, in oil of turpentine, as may be wanted at one time; dilute it with the above ſolution until it will work freely with the pencil, and appear on the paper, when held between the eye and the light, to be opaque. It is neceſſary to obſerve this, or the firſt touches will not be ſufficiently viſible, after being waſhed over with the colours, to aſcertain the places of the ſecond. It is alſo neceſſary to uſe a frame inſtead of the drawing board, or to paſte the paper on the frame of the drawing-board, ſo as to remove the pannel; becauſe the firſt and ſecond touches muſt be put on with the drawing placed between the eye and the light, as they will be moſt viſible in that ſituation. On this frame paſte the paper wet, ſo as to dry firm: when quite dry, draw the outline, and proceed as follows:

1ſt. With a fine ſmall hair pencil, and the ſtopping mixture, cover thoſe places where the clear whiteneſs of the paper may be wanted, except in the ſky. Let it dry a few minutes; then wet the paper on both ſides, and while it is wet, waſh the ſky. The ſhadows of the clouds, diſtances, and general breadths of ſhadow, muſt be put in with the grey teint; and over the places of the light waſh the teints of the brighteſt light; thoſe will be generally yellow ochre, or light red.

The light of the clouds may be preſerved ſharp, by preſſing on that part a piece of tiſſue paper, previous to the waſhing of the ſky; this, by abſorbing the ſuperfluous moiſture, will prevent the colour from ſpreading farther than is deſired. Suffer the whole to be very dry; and

2dly. Touch in with the ſtopping mixture the ſharp and prominent parts of the brighteſt lights: let them dry a few minutes; then waſh over them with the teints of the next degree of light.

3dly.

3dly. Stop with the mixture the ſecond order of touches, and waſh over them with the middle teints; ſtrengthen alſo, at the ſame time, the breadths of ſhadow.

4thly. Stop with broad touches of the mixture the places of the middle teint, uniting them to the former touches, and extending them ſo as to graduate the middle colours into the ſhadow; ſtrengthen the ſhadows, making them nearly as dark as they are intended to be, and let the whole be perfectly dry. Then take oil of turpentine, and with a ſponge, or hog's hair pencil, waſh over the places where the mixture has been uſed, rubbing it with the bruſh until it be diſſolved: clear it away with a linen rag, and waſh it with more oil of turpentine ſo long as any white lead appears; then let it dry. Warm the drawing; then with a ſoft bruſh and highly rectified ſpirit of wine waſh the places where the oil of turpentine has been uſed, to clear away the remainder of it. Rub the drawing lightly on the face, but ſponge it well on the back. When dry, teint down the lights where it may be wanted: harmonize the colouring, and cut the ſhadows to effect, with ſtill darker teints, as may be neceſſary.

If other touches of light ſhould afterwards be wanted in the ſhadowed parts, the colour may be eaſily removed by a pencil formed of ſponge with water ſufficient to produce them with as much ſtrength as can be deſired; then ſtop them with the mixture; waſh the ſhadow over the touches, bringing it to the colour taken off; and, when dry, remove the mixture with the oil of turpentine and ſpirit of wine.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Jan. 25. "ADELAIDE," a new Tragedy by *Mr. Pye*, the Poet Laureat, was preſented for the firſt time; the characters of which are as follow, and were thus repreſented:

King Henry, Mr. Aikin—Prince Richard, Mr. Kemble—Prince John, Mr. Barrymore—Clifford, Mr. C. Kemble—Legate,

Legate, Mr. Cory.——Adelaide, Mrs. Siddons—Anna, Miſs Heard.

The fable, as the reader will ſee, is drawn from an early period of Britiſh hiſtory. Richard, afterwards diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Cœur de Lion, had plighted his faith to join in the cruſade for the recovery of the Holy Land. He was at the ſame time betrothed to Adelaide, ſiſter of Philip, King of France. Adelaide remains under the protection of Henry II, King of England, till the nuptials ſhall take place. The marriage had been long delayed, partly becauſe the ſanction of the Roman Pontiff was wanting to authorize the ceremony before Richard had performed his vow in the expedition againſt the Infidels, and partly becauſe Henry was ſuſpected to be attached to Adelaide himſelf, and of waiting till the death of Eleanor, his Queen, ſhould relieve him from matrimonial reſtraints. Richard, deeply enamoured of Adelaide, preſſes for the marriage, but the Roman Legate, to whom Henry refers the affair, will not ſuffer it to be ſolemnized till the former ſhall return from the cruſade. John baſely inſinuates ſuſpicions to the prejudice of Adelaide into the mind of his brother, importing that ambition prevailed over love in her heart, and that ſhe was deſirous of ſharing the throne of his father. Richard vehemently reproves Adelaide under this perſuaſion, but at length is convinced by her aſſurances that ſhe is innocent. John, however, again works upon the feelings of his brother, adviſing him to make a propoſal to Adelaide that they ſhall fly together to Philip, the King of France, her brother, and obtain his aſſiſtance to gain the Engliſh throne. Richard is induced by John to believe, that her refuſal will be a proof of her deſire to profit by the partiality of Henry. Adelaide, with the pureſt motives, attempts to diſſuade Richard from the project; but he leaves her in rage, relying upon the inſidious inſtigations of his brother. At length Richard flies, and is followed by John, and they return with hoſtile views againſt their father. Clifford, a natural ſon of Henry by Fair Roſamond, had attempted to fruſ-

trate

trate the artifices of John, but in vain. Adelaide, to put an end to all the agitations of love, and the uncertainty of her fate, enters into a convent; and Henry, deeply affected by the unnatural conduct of his children (particularly of his favourite John), dies of a broken heart, just as Richard returns with an army to support his own pretensions to the Crown, and to obtain his Adelaide, whom he thus unexpectedly finds for ever withheld from him by her religious obligations.

The construction of this drama was very tame, and wholly without stage-effect. Neither pity, terror, grief, nor any other passion incident to the Tragic Muse, were excited by it; and all that could have induced the audience to treat it even with the forbearance that they did, must have been,—respect for the Author, admiration of some parts of the diction of the play, and warm approbation of its moral and patriotic sentiments. Since the third night, we do not recollect to have seen it announced.

Feb. 1. A new musical after-piece, entitled "OF AGE TO-MORROW," was presented for the first time. The title is derived from the age of Frederic, the hero of the piece, who, "just leaving his *minority*, proposes to submit to *government*" in the matrimonial state. The object of his affections is Sophia, the niece of Lady Brumback, a ridiculous old woman of fortune, whose hand is solicited by Baron Pifflesberg, an old fox-hunter; and the various stratagems by which Frederic endeavours to gain admission to his mistress furnish the materials of the plot. These consist in the assumption of the characters, first of a hair-dresser, and afterwards of a wounded soldier; in the support of which he is aided by Maria, an arch, lively waiting-maid. They are attended by many truly ludicrous circumstances and situations; the result of which is a complete triumph over the sagacity of the old Lady, and the union of Frederic and Sophia.

The Prologue to this piece announced its design to excite a titter, by "plain broad farce;" and such, indeed, is its character. However, some light and pleasing music by Kelly, some oddities of incident, and the spirited efforts of the

the performers, have obtained for it a degree of popularity, that, conſidered *per ſe*, we by no means think it deſerves.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 8. A new comedy, entitled "SPEED THE PLOUGH," was brought forward for the firſt time. It is from the pen of Mr. *Morton*, and is thus caſt:

Sir Philip Blandford, Mr. Pope—Sir Abel Handy, Mr. Munden—Young Handy, Mr. Fawcet—Farmer Aſhfield, Mr. Knight—Henry, Mr. H. Johnſton—Morrington, Mr. Murphy—Gerald, Mr. Waddy.——Suſan Aſhfield, Miſs Murray—Lady Handy, Mrs. Dibdin—Emma Blandford, Mrs. H. Johnſton—Mrs. Aſhfield, Mrs. Davenport.

The arrival of Sir Abel Handy and his ſon at Blandford Caſtle, for an union of the latter with the daughter of Sir Philip Blandford, gives riſe to the buſineſs of the piece. Sir Abel Handy propoſes a ploughing match, which is gained by Henry, a young man of parentage unknown, and who had been brought up at Aſhfield's farm. Miſs Blandford, in preſenting the medal to Henry, is ſtruck with the ſenſibility of his countenance and converſation, and he in receiving it is as ſuddenly and deeply wounded by the beauty and ſimplicity of the lovely donor. The winner is preſented at the Caſtle.—Sir Philip Blandford recoils with horror at the ſight of Henry, and peremptorily deſires his abſence. He inſtantly ſends for his tenant, Farmer Aſhfield, and offers to excuſe him a conſiderable arrear of rent, provided he will no longer afford Henry protection, but inſtantly diſmiſs him from under his roof. This propoſal is rejected with firmneſs by the honeſt ruſtic, and Sir Philip leaves him with a threat of vengeance. Henry, unwilling to plunge his worthy benefactors into involvement on his account, is ſcarcely prevailed on to ſtay by the moſt fervent entreaties, and the aſſurance of their readineſs to part with every thing that they had, rather than part with him; when ſuddenly two ſtrangers enter the farm.—Henry is preſented by one of them (Morrington) with a bond of Sir Philip's for 1000l., deſiring him to pay Aſhfield's debt, and accept the remainder for himſelf. Henry once more

more preſents himſelf at the Caſtle, and unfolds the cauſe of his coming. Sir Philip, greatly ſurpriſed at the circumſtance, informs him how he was ſtripped of his fortune by ſharpers, and that that bond was given to Morrington, the chief agent in the fraud. Henry inſtantly deſtroys the bond; and Sir Philip, charmed by this nobleneſs of mind, unguardedly calls him by the name of Blandford. Henry in vain ſeeks to know more; he is again peremptorily deſired to depart. He leaves the preſence of Sir Philip, but does not quit the Caſtle, and chance directs his ſteps to a gallery, where Sir Philip and and Young Handy enter. The former, pointing to a door, informs the latter that, in that chamber lies the myſtery.—Henry is obſerved, and retires, repeating Sir Philip's words. Sir Philip had imparted to Young Handy the ſecret that weighed upon his heart. He had placed his affections on a young lady, of whom his brother afterwards became enamoured, and treacherouſly ſupplanted him. As ſoon as this came to his knowledge, in the fury of diſappointed love, he plunged a dagger in his breaſt, and Mr. Blandford, apparently dead, was conveyed away in the veſſel he had prepared for his and his wife's eſcape. Mrs. Blandford died in childbed, and his ſon was placed by Evergreen, a ſervant of Sir Philip's, with Farmer Aſhfield. Henry was this child, and the ſight of him on this account was hateful to Sir Philip. After this circumſtance Sir Philip quitted his country, and now, returning to his Caſtle, he had entruſted Young Handy with this fatal ſecret, who had promiſed to remove the dumb but damning witneſſes of the deed from the chamber, and deſtroy them. Young Handy, about to fulfil his promiſe, is alarmed by a ſudden explofion. Sir Abel Handy, in mixing ſome new-invented gunpowder, had ſet the Caſtle on fire. Emma Blandford is reſcued from the flames by Henry: he delivers her to her friends, and ruſhes a ſecond time into the Caſtle, to explore the ſecret chamber. He returns with a dagger and a handkerchief dyed in blood—the blood of his father, and is about to ſacrifice Sir Philip: his Emma interpoſes; Morrington in the mean time is brought in; he faints at the

ſight

ſight of Sir Philip, who deſires Henry to ſupport his father. He recovers, and ſtates,—that as ſoon as the wound inflicted by his brother had healed, in order to watch his motions, he mixed with ſharpers, into whoſe company Sir Philip's propenſity to play had thrown him. He won his whole fortune, of which he had made partial and ſecret remittances, and by preventing him from becoming the prey of others, and reſtoring him his fortune, he founded his claims to his brother's forgiveneſs. The brothers are thus reconciled, and the lovers united:—Henry to Emma Blandford, and Young Handy to Suſan Aſhfield. Separation as well as union marks the cloſe of this play. Sir Abel Handy had married a ſervant girl, who proved a very virago, and from whoſe clatter he is relieved by the return of Gerald, her firſt huſband, to whom Sir Abel not only gives his wife, but 5000l. into the bargain.

With theſe materials Mr. Morton has wrought up a Comedy, ſo various in its incidents, ſo ſtrong in its characters, ſo witty yet ſo chaſte in its dialogue, and ſo correct in its ſentiments, as juſtly to entitle it to the very warm applauſe it has ever ſince received.

The performers exerted their reſpective talents with admirable effect; but of Mr. Knight's repreſentation of Farmer Aſhfield, we do not heſitate to ſay, that Garrick himſelf never pourtrayed his celebrated *Nab** more juſtly, or with better effect. It is, indeed, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the hiſtrionic art.

Feb. 19. A Farce in two acts, called "TRUE FRIENDS," attributed to the pen of Mr. Dibdin, jun. was preſented for the firſt time. The celebrity of Mr. D.'s farce of *The Jew and the Doctor*, perhaps, led the audience to expect a work of at leaſt equal merit in the preſent inſtance, which we cannot truly vouch to have been the caſe. It was far from being deſtitute of wit or humour, but the former was too often low, and the latter did not preſent much novelty. With all this, however, we think it merited more indulgence than it met with on the firſt night of performance.

* Abel Drugger.

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

Firſt Figure. Black velvet bonnet, with black feather, and ſhort veil of black lace, trimmed with pink ribbon, and tied under the chin. Muſlin handkerchief tied round the neck, with a lace frill. Green muſlin dreſs, ornamented with white cord, and ſmall white buttons on the back: the upper part of the ſleeves full, and gathered at the ſhoulders with white cord and buttons.

Second Figure. Round ſtraw bonnet lined with blue or pink, and turned up at the edge, with white feather. Jacket, *à la payſanne*, of coloured ſilk or fine kerſeymere; facings and collar of black velvet, ornamented with ſilk twiſt to match the colour: double rows of ſmall gilt buttons.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

Firſt Figure. Head-dreſs:—Bandeau of gold, with white and pink oſtrich feathers; the hair in ſhort curls in front, and drawn cloſe up behind. Robe of pink muſlin, drawn up at the boſom; the neck and ſleeves trimmed with white lace. Gold band round the waiſt. White gloves and ſhoes.

Second Figure. Head-dreſs:—Bow of white ſatin ribbon, and white roſes, faſtened at the ſide of the head with a gold pin. Robe of purple ſatin trimmed with gold fringe; full front of white ſatin. Petticoat of white crape or ſpotted ſilver muſlin. Yellow ſhoes.

Black and purple velvets in cloaks, handkerchiefs, and head-dreſſes, are ſtill much worn; alſo black ſilk cloaks, falling very low before, and ſhort behind, trimmed with deep black lace: the moſt faſhionable colours are, poppy, pink, green, and purple. Gold and ſilver ornaments are much worn.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE AFFLICTED PARENTS.

AN ELEGY.

BENEATH the whiſpers of yon vocal grove,
Faſt by a ſtreamlet's willow-creſted ſide,
A cottage ſtood, the ſane of mutual love,
In ruſſet grandeur, Hymen's greateſt pride.

The little freehold Corydon poſſeſs'd,
One ample mead two comely cows ſuſtain'd;
Of hops one acre his own labour bleſs'd;
A yearly beverage from its crop he gain'd.

Maid of his choice—Paſtora of the Mill,
For charms in debt to Nature's aid alone,
In youth he join'd, the nuptial bed to fill,
And found in her each nuptial bliſs his own.

Twelve golden Autumns had their courſes run
Since that which brought Paſtora's arms a boy;
No daughter born, and not another ſon,
He grew the parent's undivided joy.

Oft as I've ſhar'd the evening cup of ale,
And gave Virginia's plant to azure fume,
Attentive, liſt'ning to the ruſtic tale,
I've mark'd the boy in all his promis'd bloom.

What joy has kindled in each parent's eye,
When, to laſt Sunday's ſacred text referr'd,
The youth has made a pertinent reply;
And, crown'd with praiſe, his anſwer has been heard.

Great was the father's——much the mother's pride,
When the ſchool cuſtom gave the *Piece to write*:
At feſtive Chriſtmas, or gay Whitſuntide,
The wall receiv'd the badge of their delight.

To ev'ry viſitor Ambition ſhews
The fair production of ſo young a quill;
The buds of genius which the lines diſcloſe
Make all preſage the ſcholar to fulfil.

Did Ceres from her cornucopia give
One tribute richer than the year before,
With grateful heart would Corydon receive
The augmentation to his former ſtore.

Bleſs'd, to imagine ev'ry ſmall increaſe
A father's wiſhes for his child would crown;
His youth protect with competence in peace,
And ſhield his manhood from Misfortune's frown.

Did twins Paſtora's tender ewe produce,
Her cleanly dairy with profuſion glow,
She wiſh'd the profits for no other uſe
Than on her darling favourite to beſtow.

Ah! what avails the father's pleaſing thought!
Ah! what avails his captivating hope!
The mother's fondneſs with endearments fraught!
Each flatt'ring view thro' Fancy's teleſcope!

Of ev'ry hope, of ev'ry wiſh—their bloom!—
(Let grief, parental, teach the ſeas to flow)
He fell an early victim to the tomb!—
What parent heart but feels a parent's woe!

The ſcene thus chang'd,——may ſympathy of grief,
Unhappy Corydon, thy ſorrows ſhare!
But how ſhall conſolation bear relief
To ſad Paſtora with diſhevell'd hair!

Frantic

Frantic and wild ſhe heaves the burthen'd ſigh;
To melancholy ſinks a penſive prey;
Views her ſon's obſequies with ſtreaming eye,
Nor wiſhes Death one moment to delay.

In vain did Corydon advice impart,
With manly fortitude his ſighs ſuppreſs;
By comforts ſtrive to ſooth his partner's heart,
And urge their offspring's endleſs happineſs!

In vain Remonſtrance friendly counſel lent:
Within the courſe of one ſucceeding year,
Her life with fruitleſs lamentations ſpent,
In ſad proceſſion paſs'd Paſtora's bier!

Much-pity'd Corydon exerts his ſenſe
In all the manlineſs of ſilent woe:
"No wrong," he ſays, "can Mercy's God diſpenſe!
"The ways of Heav'n ſhall man pretend to know?"

Lo! in yon ſacred ground, the yew tree nigh,
Two graves are clos'd with one ſepulchral ſtone:
Engrav'd by Corydon, with many a ſigh——
"*'Twas, Heav'n, thy Will; and let that Will be done!*"

The ſuff'ring ſage, to ſolitude reſign'd,
'Twas mine to prove the ſympathetic friend;
To check the painful ſtartings of his mind,
And Conſolation's healing pow'rs to lend.

Feb. 1800. ANNUS.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

ODE to Mr. W*****.

SWEET is the breath of early chaſte-ey'd Morn,
When od'rate flow'rs, perfuming, blend with air;
Sweet is the bluſhing roſe when day's firſt dawn
Peeps forth, and ſmiles throughout the humid tear!

Sweet, with the Morn aſcending, 'tis to trace,
Ere ardent Phœbus ſheds his genial heat,
The vernal beauties of fair Nature's face,
And court the Zephyrs in the cool retreat!

Or in the myſtic grot, or length'ning maze;
Or midſt the flow'ry vale, or verdant field;
Or where the margent ſtream meand'ring plays,
Or rocky founts melodious murmurs yield.

Theſe which invite the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And the pure heart to ſacred muſings bend;
So by this day's bright effluence am I taught
To muſe the virtues of my boſom's friend.

Oh! ſpotleſs Innocence!—fain would my heart
Make one poor effort—one infirm eſſay—
If the faint breath of utt'rance could impart
That which my boſom feels, but cannot ſay.

Let loftier bards in jargon pomp rehearſe,
Who would of Fame the bauble wreath beguile;
Capricious ſons! I prize thy fame——not verſe:
The wreath I ſeek, is——MARY'S *fav'ring ſmile!*

CAROLUS.

THE TRIUMPH OF ART:

Or, ADVICE to the LADIES.

------- TECUM VIVERE AMEM,
TECUM OBEAM LIBENS. HOR.

THE Queen of Love, as Poets feign,
Firſt iſſu'd from the briny main,
All nature, without art;
Yet, ere ſhe triumph'd o'er mankind,
Full half her charms ſhe firſt confin'd,
And thus ſhe won each heart.

Her auburn locks in ringlets play'd,
And ſeem'd to ſcorn the ribbon's aid,
And wanton'd in the breeze:
Her ſnowy boſom heav'd and fell,
As Zephyr fann'd its lovely ſwell,
While ſcarce he ſtirr'd the trees.

Yet

Yet e'en ſuch charms as theſe, in time,
Fail in their zeſt, and loſe their prime,
And cloy the lover's eye:
Then round her waiſt ſhe girt her zone,
And, leſs profuſe of favours grown,
Oft heard her vot'ries ſigh——

"Charms, ſeen by chance, and hardly ſeen,
"Add lovelineſs to Beauty's Queen,
"And wake each chaſte deſire;
"Th' imagination longs to rove
"In fields forbid to all but Love,
"While ev'ry thought's on fire!"

Then, gentle Girls, your charms deny
To ev'ry lawleſs, wand'ring eye;
So may you each be bleſt:
So may your lovers—huſbands prove,
And huſbands ſtil increaſe in love,
Poſſeſſing and poſſeſt.

ADMONITION TO A FRIEND,
ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF you, my Friend, would have a wife
To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
And give you conſtant pleaſure,
The following uſeful maxims mind,
And you, in time, may hope to find
This dear, delightful treaſure!

Firſt, look for one that's young and fair,
With countenance devoid of care
And fooliſh affectation;
For one whoſe face diſplays a gloom
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you ſad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words and actions mind,
And judge of them ſincerely;
For if you form your choice at once,
And ſhe ſhould prove coquette, or dunce,
You will repent ſeverely.

Her

Her temper ſhould be all ſerene,
Free from extremes of mirth or ſpleen,
And with rude flights uncumber'd;
For one that now is wild with joy,
Then ſad or ſullen, will deſtroy
Your peace, with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leiſure time ſhe ſpends,
And if with wiſe and virtuous friends
In chearful converſation;
Or to peruſe th' inſtructive page,
In ſearch of Truth her thoughts engage,
She has my approbation.

When you can meet with ſuch a boon
As I've pourtray'd, make her your own,
Of whatſoe'er condition:
No wealth, nor honors, then you'll need—
To real bliſs they ſeldom lead,
But oft increaſe ambition!

Cheadle, Feb. 1800. JUVENIS.

LINES,

Occaſioned by a Lady ſhedding tears at the ſcene in PIZARRO, when *Rolla* is making his eſcape with *Cora*'s Child, over the bridge, amidſt the fire of the Soldiers.

WHILE plaintive notes of orphan's woes
Invade my Mary's ears,
Her gentle ſoul with pity glows,
Her gliſt'ning eyes with fears!

Why ſeeks the Fair her grief to hide—
Why check the riſing tear?
Can Pity be to Shame ally'd?
Has Virtue cauſe of fear?

Pity's the lenient balm of woe,
The cordial of th' oppreſt:
A debt we to misfortune owe,
The right of the diſtreſt.

The heav'nly impulſe then purſue,
Nor heed the Fool's diſdain,
Whoſe thoughtleſs boſom never knew
Compaſſion's pleaſing pain.

So may thoſe tears for foreign woe,
Or diſtant griefs alone,
In gen'rous pity gently flow,—
But never weep thy own!

ODE ON CONTENTMENT.

Being entirely in the Modern Taſte, where every thing is deſcribed,—except the Subject propoſed.

WHO has not heard what few have ſeen—
The yellow robes of ſprightly green,
Which o'er my Laura's ſhoulders flow,
And deck the Maid from top to toe!——

Her eyes like liquid flint ariſe,
And, oh, ye gods! how red the ſkies!
From cloud to cloud, from Eaſt to Weſt,
'Tis pun and pathos, fun and jeſt.

Swallows twitter thro' the ſhade——
Poor Philander!——is he dead?
See, how Winter ſtrips the grove!
Sighs of ſympathy and love.

Ecſtatic ecſtaſies and moans,
Sighs and ſimpers, grins and groans;
Girls of grace, and Bond Street Bonnets;
Celia's waiſt, and blooming ſonnets.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum;
Gird your armour cap-a-pee,
Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

THE

THE LINNET'S SONG.

BY MR. KENDAL.

SWEET, ſweet, o'er flow'ry heaths to roam,
And find in ev'ry bow'r a home;
Sweet thro' woods at noon to ſtray,
And careleſs ſing the cheerful lay!

Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, the green retreat,
And ſweet the ſunny mountain!
Dewy meadows—oh! how ſweet!
And ſweet the glitt'ring fountain!
Sweet!—ſweet!—ſweet!

Sweet with the morning breeze to fly,
When firſt the lark aſcends the ſky!
Sweet in the ſtream to ſip and bathe!
Sweet the fragrant air to breathe!
Sweet!—ſweet!—ſweet!

ACROSTIC

TO SOPHIA ON PRESENTING HER WITH A MINIATURE.

SHOULD Heav'n—dread thought!—e'er frown upon our bliſs;
Oh! ſhould ſad Fate our joys e'er diſapprove,
Preſerve, Sophia, in thy breaſt's abyſs—
Hide in thy heart—this tribute of my love!
In ſecret anguiſh whilſt my days decline,
At eve I'll court Seclufion's loneſome bow'r,
And whilſt in hopeleſs ſighs I inly pine,
No tranquil thought ſhall ſooth the penſive hour.
Dragg'd from my love!——torn from my heart—my ſoul!
What 'wailing moans ſhall rend the lurid air!
In rankling grief each cheerleſs hour ſhall roll——
Lorn victim, now, to ſorrow and deſpair!
Lie ſtill, my heart,——for oft theſe eyes ſhall gaze,
In thrilling love, upon *her* token*, bleſt!
And when kind Heav'n ſhall cloſe my joyleſs days,
My dying hands ſhall claſp it to my breaſt! F.

* Sophia's Picture.

SOLU-

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE & RIDDLE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade——Sweet-bread.

Riddle——Iron.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY Firſt is a gaſh, or a wound;
My Second 's a bonny young maid;
My Whole has been frequently found
To inflict a deep gaſh with its blade.

CHARADE II.

MY Firſt is an animal, uſeful and tame,
Which ſupplieth mankind with much food;
My Second 's a ſtep which is falſe, or a blame;
And, again, 'tis a mere piece of wood.

My Whole is a flow'r, that is lowly, and bends
Its head to each blaſt of the wind;
On the botaniſt 's labour it never depends,
Or relies on the ſkill of his mind.

To Correſpondents, &c.

FLORA's *Hint to us is rendered unneceſſary, as her deſign has been effectually anticipated by* Dr. MAVOR, *who has, within theſe few days, publiſhed a* Lady's and Gentleman's Botanical Pocket Book, *adapted to* Withering's *arrangement of Britiſh Plants, and intended to facilitate and promote the Study of indigenous Botany; and, we aſſure* FLORA, *that (to uſe the Author's own words), "whoever adopts "it, will probably find a new inducement to Botanical Reſearches, "and a new pleaſure in this faſcinating Science."*

A Friend to the Fair Sex *has ſent us a* very long Eſſay, *the* entire ſubſtance *of which we cheerfully communicate to our Readers in the following four lines:*——It will infinitely improve the cuſtomary beverage

verage of tea, if, inſtead of pouring the milk or cream upon the tea, the milk or cream be put into the cup firſt, and the tea poured in afterwards.

We have done ourſelves pleaſure in obliging our friend H., *by the inſertion of an Extract from St. Godwin.* [See page 206.]

The Favours of our Correſpondents are ſo liberally *beſtowed, that we are under the neceſſity of again poſtponing ſome of the Articles promiſed in our laſt.*

To thoſe whom it concerns.——ORIGINALITY *is not the* ONLY *requiſite in Poetical Contributions.*

Several of Mrs. P.'s *Favours of this Month are only deferred for want of room. The Story alluded to, was ſent to us complete, as ſhe will ſee by the preſent Number. As this Lady is, we know,* in utrumque paratus, *we beg to hint, that* Proſe *from her will be more acceptable to us than* Poetry, *on account of the ſuperabundance of the latter with which other Correſpondents furniſh us every Month.*

Old Razor *in our next.*

W. P. *muſt ſee, that our Muſeum is not a proper medium for* Political Songs.

Both the Poetry and Proſe of J. S. *are too incorrect for our purpoſe. The intention of the* Proſe Eſſay *is ſo good, that we could wiſh it had been written with more attention. It holds a laſh over* creatures *that ought, in truth, to be laſhed by the* finiſher of the law.

The Remarks on our Engravings *of* Faſhions *are under Conſideration. Thoſe reſpecting the Play of* Pizarro *muſt apply to ſome* other *Publication; as no promiſe of the kind alluded to was ever made in our* Muſeum.

Un Priére pour le Matin, *with ſome* Charades *(ſent us by a Correſpondent at Southampton), have unfortunately been miſlaid. If the Author can conveniently replace them, by forwarding another copy, we ſhall cheerfully pay the poſtage.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Her Grace the
Duchess of Devonshire.

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